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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 16, 1949

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By . . .  
**ERNEST  
HAYCOX**

# Cry deep Cry still

*Martha caught sight of  
motion in the darkness.  
"The wolf," she muttered.*

**A**T four o'clock that morning, when John Mercy rose to search out and yoke the oxen, it was a mud-black world. The scudding clouds of a south-west storm were breaking in violence against the hills and releasing a fat rain which seethed through the cabin walls and left everything damp and sticky.

To-day would be only a sullen, end-of-the-world twilight, as yesterday had been, and for as many days back as Mrs. Mercy cared to remember.

Mercy returned for breakfast, the heat of the room dyeing his wind-stung cheeks to blood crimson. He said brief grace and looked about the table to his wife Martha, to Caroline in her flannel nightgown, to young Tom still drugged with sleep.

The devil's crying at the eaves but he can't get in," he said solemnly.

The hard work of a first fall in Oregon, the laying up of the cabin and the breaking of land, had taken twenty pounds from him, but he was cheerful, his eyes as blue as old velvet.

"I'll let Tom milk and fetch water," he said. "It will save me an hour. It's a slow sixty miles each way, with two rivers to ford. They'll be high."

"You can't ford the Willamette or the Columbia," Mrs. Mercy said. "What'll you do?"

"At the Willamette's mouth I'll find some Indians to canoe me to the fort."

"And leave waggon and beasts for them to steal."

"I don't contemplate it," he said. "Eight days ought to see me back here."

"How can those little canoes carry you, two millstones, and a barrel of flour? You'll sink. What would we do, left three alone out here two thousand miles from home?"

"Don't contemplate that either," he said. He rose and made slow work buttoning on his overcoat while he watched his wife. "You'll be all right?"

"Worry for yourself."

"It might be nine days instead of eight," John Mercy said.

"If you see anybody along the way that we came over the plains with—though that would be like finding a penny in the ocean—tell them hello and say we're doing well."

"So we are," he said agreeably.

"Just say it," she retorted.

He went round the table to kiss the top of his daughter's head. He said, "Maple for sharp," and he nodded at his son. "Do the chores without being asked and cause your mother no worry. You're the man here."

He took up the sack of food and moved to the

door, but there he swung to give his wife a grave moment's look.

She was aware of it and suddenly fell briskly to her chores about the fireplace, ignoring him. She said, "Well, you'd better get started," and then noticed the mud he had brought into the house with his shoes. "Dirt, dirt, I'll die of it." He looked at her but said nothing, and went into the darkness.

Wind rushed past him with its fat, stinging rain. He threw the food into the waggon and walked beside the oxen to prod them into motion. "Hup, Dandy, Babe! Hup!"

The beasts stirred the covered waggon forward, into the meadow and across it towards a valley lying blind in the night.

Fort Vancouver, towards which he was bound for millstones and flour, was sixty miles northward through a country inhabited by scarcely more than hundred white people; this was December and the year of 1842 came to its gusty ending in rain and wind. He bent his head and trudged forward over the spongy soil.

After he was well gone, Martha Mercy opened the door to look after him, sighting nothing now. She listened to the dashing roar of the wind in the fir tops high over the cabin.

The sound of it drew her mouth into a displeased line and she closed the door and walked to the fireplace, a young woman with a clear brown face rarely lighted by a smile, with restless hands and a preoccupied manner.

"Tom," she said, "the cow can hook off that top rail of the gate. You take a piece of rope and tie it."

The wind's rustling was endless, and she noted the glitter of water seeping through the joist spaces. She turned to frown at the room: the beds and table and chairs cramping it, the boxes piled over boxes, the extra bedding and furniture stored above the rafter crosspieces, the crowded shelves, the cloth hanging from pegs everywhere.

She saw the mud near the door and it was a match exploding her discontent.

She seized the broom and went vigorously round the room, under the beds and under the children's feet at the table.

"Light the lantern, Tom," she said. "Put on the heavy coat."

She pulled the big kettle, with its simmering water, from the crane and scalded the milk bucket. Bundled against the weather, young Tom went out into the darkness and as soon as he had gone Caroline changed from nightgown to clothes.

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## Glamorous

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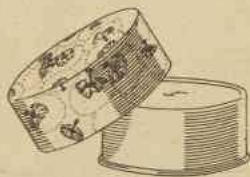
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MARTHA MERCY got the comb, and stood for half an hour patiently combing the girl's hair, forming its exact part, braiding it and tying the braids. Momentarily, she was pleased. Caroline was pretty.

Now, then, if you're sharp as a magpie, as your father says, do the dishes," Martha said.

She went to the shed and carried in the full pans of another day's milk, took off the cream and dumped the skim into a bucket for the pigs; she scalded the pans and filled them with the fresh milk young Tom brought in.

Young Tom went slowly out to feed the pigs, a first light then creeping into the morning. She thought: He's tired for some reason, and began to worry about him; he never had Caroline's bubbling health.

She put on her big cloak and tied a scarf round her head. From the shed she got an armload of pitch wood and stove sticks and carried them to the outdoor fireplace. She laid the pitch wood, brought a bucket of coals from the cabin, and got the fire going.

When the fire was strong she hoisted a great iron scalding-pot and lodged it on the rock ledge above the flame and took a bucket behind the cabin.

A barrel stood here on stilts, a tub beneath it. Fire ashes filled the barrel, the rain washed through the ashes, and lye water trickled into the tub. She made three trips from tub to kettle with the lye water.

Out of the cabin she brought the grease saved from butchered deer, from two bears Mercy had shot, from bacon drippings. This went into the kettle with the lye water.

She fed the fire and stepped into the cabin, the lower half of her dress and her shoes sodden. The dishes were done and Caroline stood dreaming at the fire.

"You take your book and go through your letters," said Mrs. Mercy.

"I'd rather make soap."

"You'll get to make it some day," said Mrs. Mercy, "and wish you didn't need to."

"Tom, take the milk clabber to the chickens," she ordered. "Count and see if they're all there—and get the eggs."

She fed the fire with wood standing rickety by the shelter, the sharp smoke making her cry.

The morning moved on. The ploughed field beyond the foot of the hill—where the winter wheat lay—was black as coal from its month-long soaking; sullen clouds skimmed the earth and lodged in the timber so heavily that a fine fog sparkled all about her.

Young Tom returned from the chicken shed and ducked into the shelter of the cabin's doorway.

"Six eggs, chickens all right." His face was solemn.

Trying to imitate his father, she thought, but she looked closely at him, not quite sure; this was the way he sometimes appeared just before coming down with a cold.

Caroline whimpered and young Tom woke and began to cough.

Early on the fourth day she rose to make broth from a piece of salt meat simmered with potatoes and onions.

On young Tom's waking she fed him against his will, but stopped when she saw he could hold no more down.

She got Caroline's breakfast, took care of the milk, and fed the chickens. Using two water buckets at a time, she made four trips to the creek, a hundred yards distant, to fill the water barrel in the shed; on her return from the final trip she found Caroline in the cabin's doorway, her eyes round.

"There's a dog. He went around back of the barn."

Mrs. Mercy dumped the water into the barrel. "There's no dog. There's nobody but the trapper yonder and he's got no dog. The

## Cry Deep, Cry Still

Continued from page 3

"Time for milking, Tom."

After supper a greater wind and rain rushed against the cabin and stormed through the trees.

She put Tom to his arithmetic and took the lantern out to look at the chickens huddled in their small house; still restless, she went to the corral to make sure Tom had tied the top rail well enough.

She went on to the store shed, playing the lantern's light along the shelves, over the salt creaks, the potatoes, cabbages, and apples and pumpkins given them by their nearest neighbors, the Teals.

She brooded over the scantiness of the bacon and the half-empty salt-pork tub; it was six months before the garden came on or a hog could be killed.

When she stepped into the cabin she saw young Tom shiver and she knew that he was going to be sick. "You go to bed."

She stood at the fire after both of them had settled for the night and gave Mercy a moment's thought, he camped somewhere in a dripping grove fifteen miles away; but he would be inside the wagon cover and he would be warm.

She raked the fire together, laid her hand on young Tom's cheek, feeling no fever there yet.

"Turn your back," she said to him, and got ready for bed.

The firelight performed its golden leaping dance on the walls. Mercy and she were both young, but work was making them old too fast, all because Indiana had got too small for Mercy's notions and he wanted a mile of land in Oregon and his own grist mill.

The endless rain was hard to bear, for it took her back to her home, where the snow now was a shining crust on the ground, and the cold, wonderful air shook down the brown oak leaves, banking them against the rail-fence lines.

ONCE more Martha saw the little town with its houses spaced in their blocks, and the church bell's sound was strong in her ears. Past Penney's, Gregg's, and Jackson's she walked, rattling her knuckles against the fence pickets, over the packed snow to Burgle's store, whose shelves were so common then and seemed so rich now.

Bob Burgle, learning the business from his father, waited on her; she stirred on the bed and closed him from her mind with effort.

Above the storm she heard a sound beginning, like the tearing of cloth. It grew suddenly to a snapping and whining, and she sat upright in terror and felt the cabin tremble—actually jump—as the tree struck close by with its roar and its dying shower of falling branches.

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"There's a dog. He went around back of the barn."

Mrs. Mercy dumped the water into the barrel. "There's no dog. There's nobody but the trapper yonder and he's got no dog. The

Teals are across the river. It couldn't be their dog."

Young Tom was at the moment sleeping and she hated to disturb him, but his face was so bright a red that she touched it with her hands. "There's no dog," she said.

"I saw him right in the yard. He went back of the barn."

Mrs. Mercy looked at her daughter, shaken by a dreadful coldness. She pulled her into the cabin and closed the door and got the rifle.

She let herself into the yard and stopped to look through the grey light, toward the meadow, toward the hills.

There was nothing to be seen between cabin and shed, and beyond the shed the trees cast a thick shadow. She swung to come straight upon the open door, to see inside the cowshed before she got too close to it; the cow stood forlornly there, dialling the rain.

She drew a long breath of relief and walked towards the far side of the shed; she caught sight of motion in the darkness. "The wolf," she muttered.

He was evilly thin, of a dirty, rusty grey and his eyes were a strange green staring at her with an unhuman steadiness. She never thought of the gun in her hand, never realised she had it. She said, "You dirty thing—get!"

The sound of her voice startled the wolf. He made an easy turn of insolence and went shadowlike into the timber.

She ran to the shed, seized a piece of rope and fixed it to the cow's halter, leading the cow to the cabin door and tying it there. When she opened the door, Caroline stood waiting.

"Where's the dog—why's the cow here?"

"If it was a dog, he might hurt the cow. I didn't see the dog."

She rested the gun beside the door. She went to the fire and rested her head against her hands to let the waves of weakness go through her. Maybe he wouldn't come this near to the house, but maybe he was hungry enough to dare; she had to leave the door open to watch the cow.

She turned, hearing Tom thrashing on the bed. He was awake but he looked at her in a strange way and she knew the fever, still strong, made him light-headed.

She laid her hand softly on his chest, and he rolled his head, looking up to her with fear in his eyes. "Am I going to die?"

"It's just a little thing. It's a cold. You've had colds before."

She held him up for a drink of water.

Down the meadow a voice hailed the cabin, shocking her, and in a moment Mrs. Teal, skirts dripping from a four-mile walk through wet meadow grasses, appeared at the door; with her was the oldest Teal boy, a basket on each arm.

Mrs. Teal said, "I missed your visit on Sunday and got to wondering."

"Mercy's gone to Port Vancouver." A great relief from loneliness came upon Mrs. Mercy, so great that for an instant she was happy. But she could not reveal to this woman her weakness; she showed Mrs. Teal a steady face, and rose to accept the baskets with proper thanks.

"Just some garden things," said Mrs. Teal. "They'll rot in our storehouse, we've got so much. It'll be the same with you when your garden's started. First year's always a hard thing."

Mrs. Teal saw young Tom on the bed and looked at him. Her voice was quiet. "What's aillin' him?"

"A cold," said Mrs. Mercy.

"If we just had some mustard for a plaster," said Mrs. Teal. "There's never anything. I'll be happy when there's a store."

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## Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





# LEFT-HAND SEAT

By STEVE McNEIL



WYNNE DAVIES

**P**ETE had to admit that it was beautiful. It was everything that Connie had said and more. He stood on the porch of the little house Connie's

parents had turned over to them and looked out over the lake.

The hills were timber-covered and the lake was clear and as smooth as a dish of cream. He had never seen so many trees.

He shook his head slowly and dug a cigarette out of his pocket. A week ago he was a pilot in the left-hand seat of a four-engine airliner and now he was standing on the porch of a little house that looked out over Packwood Lake, having committed himself and all the money Connie and he had saved.

Connie came up behind him and put her arms round his neck. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Pete said, "Absolutely."

"You're happy, aren't you, Pete? You're glad we did it?"

"Of course."

"You don't sound happy."

"I was just thinking."

"Pete," Connie said, looking up into his face. "You don't know what this means to me. For the first time in two years I can look at you without wondering whether it will be the last time I'll ever see you."

She heaved a contented little sigh. "I can look out the window and say 'Isn't it an awful day!' without thinking of you up there fighting the weather, and I can listen to the radio without expecting a news broadcast that will tell me you're overdue."

"Statistics prove—" Pete began.

"But you're not a statistic!" Connie said. "You're my husband! I know you're safer in a plane than you are in the bath, and—" She stopped and kissed him. "Anyway, we've done it and I'm glad."

Pete looked at her. In spite of the fact that his feelings were draped around his shoulders, he smiled. He would never get over the wonder of seeing her and of knowing that she was his. Her hair was black and her eyes were grey, and her figure was lovely.

Yes, Pete admitted bitterly, they had done it. At first he had scoffed at the idea. He didn't want to go to Packwood Lake and go into the holiday resort business with his father-in-law, and that was that.

Only that wasn't that. He should have known. Arguing with Connie was like beating your head against a wall. All you got out of it was a headache.

Not that Connie's people hadn't made it attractive, because they had. They were old, they said, and they wanted him and Connie to come and learn the ropes and then take over when they retired.

"Get that flying notion out of your head," they said.

Pete thought back over the experience that it took to sit in the pilot's seat of a four-engine aircraft and take it from here to there, and concluded that it constituted

something more than "a notion," but here he was.

Connie's parents had been swell. Her father almost broke his hand when he shook it.

They had suggested that Pete and Connie take a week to get settled and have a little fun before Pete started learning the resort business.

The name of the place was "Masterston's Retreat," which sounded to Pete like something out of a history book. There were 20 cabins and a small store for light groceries and fishing tackle, and there was a boat-house and a float.

"We need about 10 more cabins," Mr. Masterston had said, "and some more boats, but mother and I hesitated to go ahead, getting along in years the way we are."

He had left it at that. He had not actually said that Pete and Connie's money would go into the business, but there had been tacit agreement, Pete knew, that something more than their presence was required of them.

"And to-morrow," Connie said happily, "we're going to the ocean for a claim. There's a minus tide at Kalalock."

"Oh—a minus tide. Fine," Pete said, unimpressed.

"The lowest in 10 years. Gee! I can hardly wait. Get up at four and get a good breakfast and—"

"—get up when?"

"At four."

"Four!" Pete shrieked. "Why?"

"Because that's when the tide is lowest."

At four o'clock the rain was coming down in pencil-sized drops and bounced when it hit. Pete looked fondly at the warm bed he had just left.

"You're not going out in this stuff, are you?" He indicated the rain. "Pooh!" Connie said. "This isn't rain. It's just a little clearing-up shower."

"Clearing up is right," Pete said darkly. "If it doesn't stop it'll be clear up to your neck."

It was a 30-minute drive and a five-minute walk to the ocean, and when they got there it was raining harder than it had been when they first got up.

It was not his fault, Pete felt, that he caught cold, but everyone seemed to think he had done it on purpose. He got slight sympathy except from Connie, who relented and babied him satisfactorily when they got back.

Pete was certain she was trying to make him appear more rugged in the eyes of her father who, Pete believed, doubted that he could walk across the road without getting run over.

Pete wished that once, just once, he could get Mr. Masterston in the back seat of a training plane.

In the days that followed Pete did nothing to endear himself to Connie's father and mother, or to Connie either, for that matter.

He tried hard. But he cut his foot splitting wood. He went for a walk, got himself mildly lost and also got himself mixed up in poison ivy.

He went fishing in the lake and came stalking into the house with a string of fish as long as his arm, but it developed that the fish were Dolly Vardens, good enough for tourists, they said, but not highly regarded around there except by the cats, who got Pete's catch.

That night he lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. Pete felt that he was not a complete idiot, but so far everything he had done had turned sour.

Never, to his certain knowledge, had he dreamed of running a summer resort, and the only reason he had come out here in the first place was that Connie loved it and wanted him to love it, too.

It was hard to love a place though, when the place resisted so hard.

"Pete," Connie said quietly, "you asleep?"

"No."

"You'll learn to love it here—honestly you will."

"Will I?" Pete said.

Connie was silent then. Presently she said, "You hate me, don't you Pete, because I talked you into giving up flying?"

Pete wanted to do what she wanted. He wanted to turn, take her in his arms and tell her he loved her in all the extravagant ways he could think of—as he used to do, but he didn't.

He didn't hate Connie and he didn't hate Packwood Lake—yet. But he knew that he would some day hate the resort business with a deep, dull hatred. He would hate it even more because he wouldn't, by that time, be able to fight it. So his hatred would turn and centre on Connie because he could hurt her, and because she had made him give up flying.

"Don't be nuts," he said. "You know I don't hate you."

"But you don't love me very much either, do you?"

"Of course I love you, Connie," He remembered too late that you never said, "of course" to your wife when she asked you if you loved her. It implied a routine answer and that wasn't what she wanted.

"Not very much," she said flatly. "I know you want to fly. I know you're eating your heart out for it. But I'm right. It'll take time, Pete, but you'll forget because this will be home to you as it's home to me."

Pete reached over and squeezed Connie's hand. This is Connie's home, he told himself, and where she wants to be.

All right—who wants to fly? Who wants to sit there in the left-hand seat with the engines running smoothly as maple syrup and look over and grin at your co-pilot? Who wants to do a job he knows and loves almost as much as he loves his wife?

Who wants to have people look at him with respect in their eyes because he's doing something that takes a lot of doing? Don't be silly, Pete, he told himself.

"I know, Connie," he said. "It takes time, that's all. I know you're right."

But in the cold light of the morning there was still the resort, and there was still Connie's father expecting miracles and there was still Connie, being bright and cheerful and an eager beaver for his benefit.

That day Pete was introduced to the business. It developed that when people moved in, the cabins were clean, and when they moved out, the cabins were dirty. So before the cycle could be complete, someone had to make the dirty cabins into clean ones. Pete attacked the cabins with broom and mop and rag.

When he finished his first cabin he stood just inside the door with mop and broom in hand and watched Connie as she inspected his work. She looked at him with eyes shining.

"Oh, Pete—they're wonderful!" she said. "They're a lot cleaner than the ones I did. Wait till mother and dad see them."

She went flying out of the cabin and Pete heard her calling her father and mother.

He relaxed and lit a cigarette, reflecting that at last he had done something right, even if it was only with a mop and broom. When Connie and her mother and father came back he beamed at them.

Connie's mother walked into the cabin and said, "Oh, look!"

Mr. Masterston stuck his head in the door. He beamed at Pete.

"Now that," he said heartily, "is a clean cabin." He clapped Pete on the back.

After Pete got his breath back he smiled at them and they observed him fondly and somewhat curiously, as if he had displayed unusual and hidden talents.



*I wouldn't do it for any woman but Connie, Pete thought, as he shouldered mop and broom.*

It seemed a small thing over which to blow a fuse. He wondered if they were pleased because they had doubted that he could perform even that menial task to their complete satisfaction, and he found himself thinking about that quite a lot.

"Well, at least I can clean cabins to the satisfaction of my in-laws," he would say grimly to himself, marching away from each completed job.

Pete had no idea there were so many things to do round a resort. Cleaning cabins was elementary but important. There were many other things—important and not at all elementary.

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*new lines on the skyline—*



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**A** KNOCK fell on the door, and, when Sherry called come in, his mother entered, clasping, ominously, her vinaigrette.

She acknowledged Lord Wrotham's presence by a slight inclination of her turbaned head, but addressed herself to her son.

"Oh, Anthony, I am so thankful you are not yet gone out! I am in such anxiety over dearest Isabella, and fear that some mishap may have occurred! She assured me she should be home by five o'clock at the latest, and here it is, half-past six already, and no sign of her!"

"And, as though that were not bad enough, I am quite upset by having this instant received Mr. and Miss Chalfont, who called here to set down Isabella's scarf, which she was so careless as to drop in the inn at Wells."

"My dear Anthony, it appears that she and Sir Montagu set out to drive back to Bath by a different road quite half an hour ahead of the others in the party! What can have become of them? When the news was broken to me, I had such an attack of palpitations that Mr. Ringwood—so very obliging of him!—such a gentlemanly man!"

She suddenly caught sight of Mr. Ringwood standing behind Lord Wrotham. "Oh, there you are, dear Mr. Ringwood! Well, I am sure—"



# Friday's Child

By GEORGETTE HEYER

As I was saying, he was obliged to summon my abigail, with some hair-oil and water to revive me! For, you know, I am responsible for dear Isabella, and how I should ever be able to face her Mama if any accident were to befall her—She broke off, fluttering her hands.

"There is nothing for it, Anthony, but for you to set out instantly in search of her in your curriole!"

"Oh, isn't there, by Jove!" said the Viscount. "No, I thank you, ma'am! I warned Bella not to go jaunting about the country with that fellow, and if she would not heed me she may take the consequences! I am dining with my wife in Camden Place at seven o'clock, and you may judge how likely I am to break that engagement for any start of Bella's!"

George, whose expressive eyes had been fixed on the dowager's face throughout her speech, stepped forward at this point.

"You may leave the matter in my hands, Lady Sheringham!" he said. "This concerns me more nearly than Sherry! I shall set forth on the instant, and you need have no fear that I shall not only restore Miss Milborne to you, but I shall certainly call Revesty to answer for whatever carelessness or—or villainy he has committed!"

He bowed briefly and strode towards the door, such a look of fervency in his face that Mr. Ringwood protested. "No, really, George! Really, I say! Ten to one it is due to some trifling accident, and they will arrive here at any moment! Dash it, Monty would not—George!"

Lord Wrotham, casting him no more than a contemptuous glance, vanished from the room. Mr. Ringwood turned to Sherry.

"Think I'd better go after him, dear old boy!" he said. "You know what he is! Don't like Monty, but can't let George murder him—for that's what it would be: sheer murder! Very obedient servant, Lady Sheringham! Wish you good fortune, Sherry, dear old boy!"

The dowager sank down upon a chair, quite overcome by the sudden twist of events. She raised her handkerchief to her eyes and was just about to bemoan her son's approaching reconciliation with his wife when a servant came to the door to announce the arrival of the Honourable Ferdy Fakenham, who

had been invited to dine in the Royal Crescent.

The Viscount, glad to escape a more than ordinarily foolish jeremiad from his parent, bade the man invite Ferdy to step into his room, and turned his attention to the far more pressing problem of the choice of a fob to finish off his toilet.

Ferdy, upon his entering the room, was at once regaled by his aunt with a fearful account of the disasters which, she was convinced, had overtaken them all. He shook his head and said that Monty was a Bad Man, and there was no saying where the affair would end.

Just then his lordship's valet entered the room, looking offended, and informing the Viscount that Jason, whom he freely designated a Varmint, insisted on having instant speech with him.

"What the deuce can he want?" said his lordship. "Where is he?"

"Here I be, guv'nor!" responded the Tiger, diving under Bootle's arm. "Out of breath I be, what's more, loping after a rattler fit to bust me!"

He looked at his master, real trouble in his sharp eyes. "It's the missus!" he blurted out.

The Viscount dropped the fob he had selected. "What?" he said quickly. "What has happened?"

The Tiger shook his head sadly. "Piked on the bean, guv'nor!" he said simply.

"What?"

"So help me bob, guv'nor, it's the truth! Loped off with that well-breeched swell I seed her with tother day!"

The Viscount had the oddest impression that the floor was heaving under his feet. He put out a hand to grasp the edge of his dressing-table, saying hoarsely: "It's a lie!"

"I'll wish myself dead if ever I told you a lie, guv'nor!" Jason said earnestly. "Nor I wouldn't tell no lies about the missus!"

The Viscount, white as his shirt, said: "How do you know this, rascal?"

"Seed her with my werry own daylight, guv'nor." He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "I was waiting in Camden Place,

That Maria—what is maid to the missus—tells me that the missus takes the dog what belongs to the old gentry-mort for a walk every evening. Seemed to me if I was to go and tell the missus as how we miss her mortal bad—but I never had no chance to open me bone-box."

He eyed his master dubiously, then went on with his story.

"There was a rattler a-standing in the road, and this cove as you knows of, guv'nor. So I lays low, and keeps my daylight, and along comes the missus with the dawg on a string. Then I seed that well-breeched swell put a mask over his phys, and I'm bubbled if he didn't catch hold of the missus and start a-kissing of her!"

"And before I could get my breath he threw her into the rattler and jumped on to a niceish piece of blood, and the whole lot starts off!"

The Viscount started forward. "You fool, did you do nothing to aid her ladyship? You watched her being forcibly carried off, and you

"Guv'nor, it ain't no use bamming you; she weren't carried off,

**Concluding our delightful romantic serial... with heartaches ended and the path of true love straight at last**

not agin her will she weren't! For I seed her put her arm round the cove's neck, hugging him like you never saw, and she didn't struggle, not let a squeak, not once!"

"I knew it!" declared the dowager.

"No, dash it, ma'am, can't have known it!" Ferdy expostulated. "Sherry, dear old boy! Depend upon it, all a hum! Kitten wouldn't go hugging fellows in masks! Might kiss George, but not a fellow in a mask!"

Sherry shook his head dumbly. Jason said: "What's more, I loped after that rattler—ah, right through the town, I did, and I know the road that cove took, and it ain't the road what leads to his own ken, neither! Gone off with the missus on the Radstock road what leads to Wells,

"Oh, Kitten, thank heaven I have found you at last!" he exclaimed.

he has, but he won't get far, not if I know it, he won't!"

Sherry raised his head. "Why won't he?"

"Acos I forked the cove while he was a-waiting for the missus," said Jason rather triumphantly.

He produced from inside his jacket a bulging wallet, and a purse with a ring about its neck, both of which he handed over to his master.

The wallet was found to contain, besides a handsome number of bank-notes, a special marriage-licence, and several visiting-cards, inscribed with Mr. Tarleton's name and direction; and the purse held some guinea and half-guinea pieces.

Sherry restored the notes to the wallet with a shaking hand.

"He may have some loose coins in his pockets, but you are right!" he said. "He won't get beyond the first stage, if he's travelling with hired horses."

The truth, he thinks she is free to marry him, of course. You are positive he took the Radstock road, Jason?"

"Take my dying oath he did!" responded the Tiger.

"Wedding at Wells—yes, very likely! Get my curriole round to the door as quick as you can now! Off with you!"

"Anthony!" intoned the dowager, rising from her chair as Jason sped on his errand. "Will you not listen to your Mother? Do you need further proof of that wicked girl's

"I beg you will say no more, ma'am!" he interrupted, with a look so stern that she quailed. "Mine is the blame—all of it. I have come by my deserts, and I know it, if you do not! My folly—my neglect of her, my

brutality have led her into this flight! Lady Saltash must have compelled her to consent to my visiting her to-night, and rather than meet me—

He broke off, his lip quivering. "But she must not—I cannot let her run off with this man before I've—before I've arranged to set her free! I must find them—explain the circumstances to Tarleton—bring her back to the protection of Lady Saltash!"

Ferdy, who had been lost in profound meditation, looked at him earnestly. "Sherry, dear old boy, you know what I think? All a mistake! Ten to one that fellow of yours don't know what he's talking about! Might have taken Kitten to a masquerade. Mask, you know."

"Ferdy, I was to have dined with

her!" Sherry said in a voice which cracked.

"Must have forgotten that. Dash it, deuced easy to forget a dinner engagement! Done it myself. Mind you, quite right to go after her! Not the thing to be driving about with a fellow in a mask. But no getting into a miff, Sherry, and frightening the poor little soul half out of her wits!"

"No, no! Though how I am to keep from choking the life out of that Tarleton fellow— But I shall do it, never fear!"

Ferdy took a noble resolve. "Tell you what, Sherry: I'll come with you," he said. "Dash it all! not one to leave my friends in the lurch!"

Hero, flung up into the post-chaise with so little ceremony and jolted and bounced over the streets of Bath, had not the smallest notion whether she was bound, or why Sherry had not entered the chaise with her.

She pulled a rug, which she found on the seat, over her knees; settled herself in a corner of the vehicle, holding on to one of the straps which served as arm-rests; and awaited eventualities in a state of pleasurable expectation. Had she but known it, her abductor, not so far gone in romance that he had lost quite all his common sense, had had a very fair picture of what would be the result of trying to make love in a form of vehicle nicknamed, not without good reason, a bouncer.

The road from Bath to Wells, particularly at this season of the year, was pitted with holes. Mr. Tarleton thought that romance would have a better chance of surviving if he postponed his love-making until Wells was reached.

This cathedral town lay rather more than eighteen miles from Bath, across the Mendip Hills.

Mr. Tarleton had booked a room for his prospective bride at the Christopher, and another for himself at the Swan, for his naturally staid disposition made him careful not to incur any more scandal than might be necessary.

Indeed, he had prudently hired his chaise and pair from a hostelry where he was unknown, and was sometimes conscious of a craving hope that the truth about his marriage might never be made public property.

This consideration made him decide to change horses at the little village of Emborvay, lying at the foot of the Mendips, rather than at Old Down Inn.

By the time they had reached this place, the moon was coming up brightly, and the going was consequently easier.

Please turn to page 26

Page 7

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 16, 1949

Heel blister? Stick on a Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID adhesive bandage—in packets 12 for 8d, 24 for 1/3 — everywhere.



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# Ring Off

By ...  
**TED SCHURMANN**

**I**N his most charming tone, the young man on the phone said: "Hullo."

And the girl on the other end of the line said: "Oh, it's you. If I'd known it was you I wouldn't have answered the phone. Whom do you wish to talk to?"

"You, I—"

"I thought we decided, definitely, once and for all—"

"Yes," he said. "I know we decided to call the whole thing off. Only there are just one or two points I'm not clear on."

"Well?"

"First of all, what am I going to tell people?"

"How do you mean?" she asked coldly.

"Well," he said reasonably, "do I say you broke the engagement or that I broke it, or what?"

"You tell them to mind their own business," she said briskly. "Is that all you wanted to ask me?"

"Not quite. Mrs. Campbell rang me to-day. She asked us to a party she's throwing on Saturday night."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I'd have to ask you first."

"Good heavens, you don't mean you're going to consult me every time anybody invites you anywhere for the rest of your life, do you?"

"No, only this invitation was for both of us. I thought I should let you know."

"Well, I'll thank you not to do so in

future," the girl said airily. "I want you to stop ringing me up and to leave me alone. You've got to work these things out on your own. Is that all you wanted to speak to me about because I've other things to—"

"There was just one other thing..."

"Well?"

"The matter of the engagement ring," he said. "You said you'd post it back to me. I haven't got it."

"No, I've been meaning to post it. I thought I'd better register it and that means a special trip to the post office. I'll post it to-morrow without fail. I'm anxious to get it off my hands."

"You've still got it on your hand?"

"Of course not. Very definitely not. I took it off as soon as you said—I mean as soon as we decided to call things off."

"All right, I think that's all. Good-night."

"Good-night. And please don't ring me again."

"No, I wouldn't have phoned to-night only I thought these things were important. I mean Mrs. Campbell's party and what to tell people and—"

"I don't see that you have to tell people anything."

"Well, when they ask you these questions you just can't brush them off."

"What sort of questions?" the girl asked sharply.

"Well," he said, "you take yesterday now. Roy Cheers said to me: 'How's Vera? I haven't heard you mention her name for the past couple of days.'"



DAWN  
ANDERSON

"Oh, it's you," said the girl coolly. "If I'd known I wouldn't have answered the phone."

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'No, it's all off between us.'"

"And what did he say?"

"He said 'What! All over between you and Vera?' He said, 'Man, you're mad to let that happen. If ever two people were cut out for each other it was you and Vera. Vera's a wonderful girl.' That's what Roy Cheers said."

"Roy is a gentleman. I've always liked him."

"He's married."

"That's quite understandable," the girl said. "I think all the best men are married."

"I'm not married."

"That's quite understandable, too."

"Here we go again," the young man said. "I think I'd better ring off."

"I think you'd better, too. I don't see why you had to ring in the first place."

"I wanted to clear these matters up. I mean about Mrs. Campbell's party and what to tell people and—"

"You can tell Roy Cheers..."

"Tell him what?" the young man asked.

"No, never mind."

"I thought you might like to give me some idea what to say to people when they ask these questions, because there are bound to be a lot more questions when people start noticing."

"Start noticing what?"

"That—that I'm going to places on my own that we used to go to together."

"If you're worried about that, don't go on your own. Get somebody else."

"Yes," he said. "I suppose I could do that."

"I suppose you could. There's always someone who would go with you. I'm sure."

"Yes, I could always ask June Bilton or—"

"Why June Bilton? I'm not trying to run your life or anything, in fact, I haven't the slightest bit of interest

in what you do or whom you take, but why choose June Bilton? I mean, after all, there are nice girls in the world."

"I thought she was all right."

"You would."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She—I think this is very poor taste. You ring me up, after we had decided never to speak to each other again and you start discussing some other girl. I think that's the height of bad manners. Now if—"

"Listen," he said, "don't get the wrong idea about why I rang you up. I didn't mean to break our agreement about not talking to each other again. I'll stick to that all right. There were a lot of suggestions flying round at work to-day that I should get in touch with you again, but I said 'no, when a thing's finished, it's finished. I know a good ending when I see one,' I said."

"Who was making these suggestions?" she asked sharply.

"Well, for example, Roy Cheers said: 'You listen to me, old man, you take my advice and don't waste another minute. You go right out to Vera's place or ring her up and say, 'Listen, we've got to get this right, we mustn't let this go on the rocks.' He said, 'Vera's too fine a girl to let slip through your fingers like this. A girl like Vera comes along only once in a lifetime at the most,' he said."

"And what did you say?"

"I said when a thing's finished, it's finished. I know a good ending when—"

"Is that all you said?"

"What should I have said?"

"I—I'm sure I don't know. That's your problem."

"Yes, it is a problem. A chap can take these suggestions for a while, but after a time they get a bit nauseating."

Please turn to page 36



FASHION'S CLIMAX

# Gay Gossip Ensemble

by  
*Paul Duval*

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# Week-end in the country

● For lounging comfortably around the house wear black velvet slacks, at left, topped by a fine wool plaid blouse, the neckline tied with a black velvet cord. Add a plaid scarf worn as a belt.

● Grey wool frock, at right, with a shirt-b blouse top and knife-pleated skirt, is good to arrive in, and can be dressed up or down. For additional warmth wear your scarf around your shoulders and tucked neatly through your belt!

● Black jersey top is worn, above, with a plaid skirt and matching scarf as hood. Skirt and hood match up with blouse, above left, and by interchanging garments you have two outfits—plaid dress and scarf, and black slack-suit.

● At night wear a long, full wool skirt, at left, with a built-up midriff and tiny gold belt. White wool blouse has gold chain dangling at neckline, and matching plaid shawl is warmest winter fashion we have had for a long, long time.

● Arrive in the lovely heavy wool topcoat, above left, lined throughout with finest wool plaid, with hat and scarf to match, and worn over the grey dress above. Coat is big and roomy to allow for plenty of clothes beneath for zero weather.

Rams



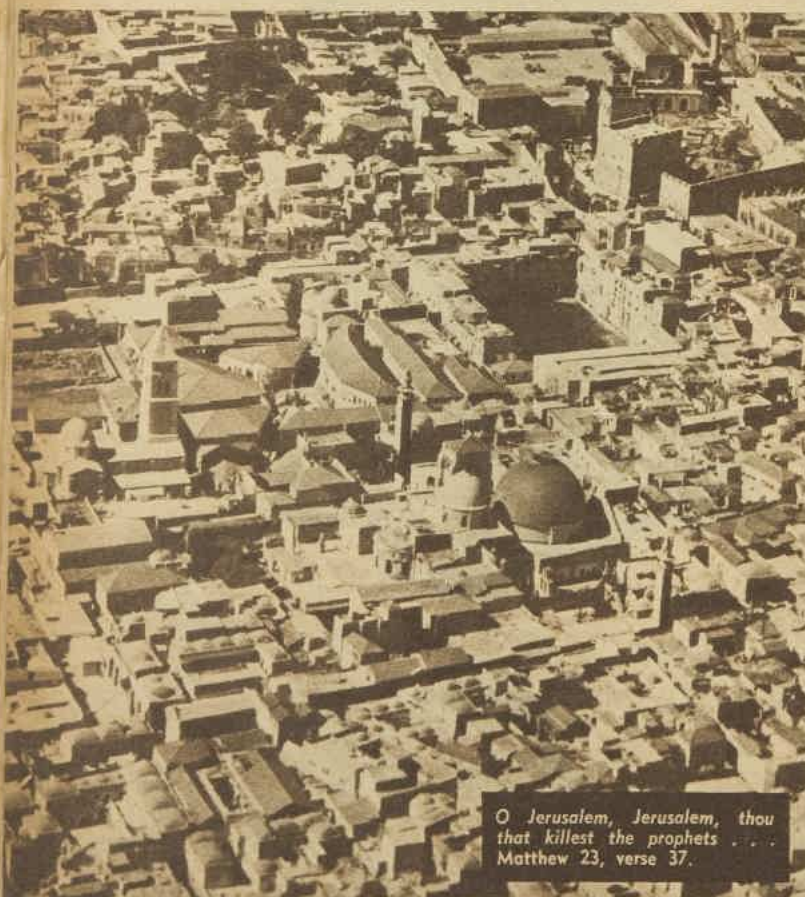
# The Story of Easter



And he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives, and his disciples also followed him . . . Luke 22, verse 39.

**THE MOUNT OF OLIVES** to which Jesus and His disciples went after observing the Feast of the Passover is intimately connected with the story of His ministry. It forms the eastern slope of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The old

city of Jerusalem crowns the western slope, and the brook Kedron, which Jesus and the disciples crossed to enter the garden of Gethsemane, runs through the valley. Near the summit of the mount is the venerated site of the Ascension.



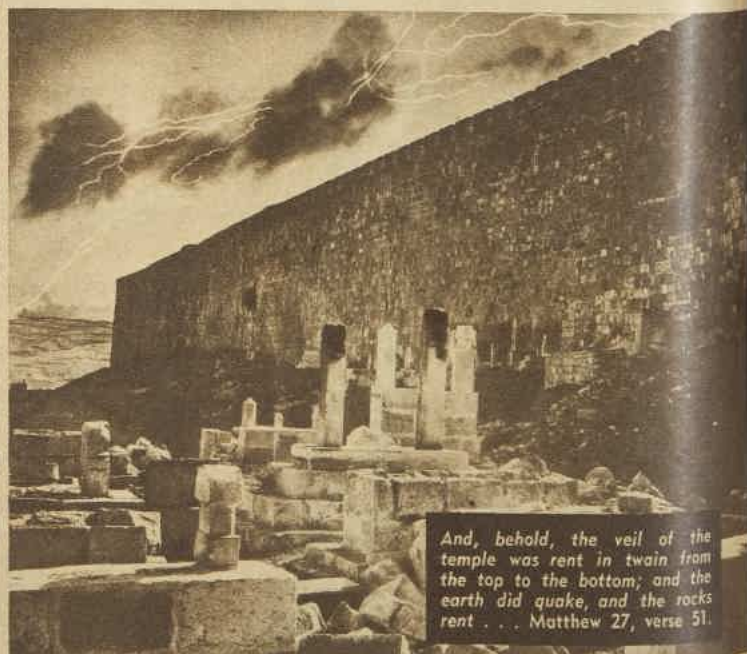
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets . . . Matthew 23, verse 37.

**LOOKING DOWN ON JERUSALEM** from about 500 feet, the most sacred shrine in Christendom, the Church of the Resurrection, popularly known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is easily distinguishable by its domed roof.

Page 12

**T**HESE beautiful pictures, which are the background to the story of Easter, are from a book, "The Holy City," by famous photographer Frank Hurley, an Easter publication of Angus & Robertson Ltd., Sydney. Although the book is the result of 44 pilgrimages to Jerusalem, most of the pictures were taken only 18 months ago, when he was stationed in Cairo with the British Ministry of Information.

A tour of Queensland to take photographs for a book on that State for the Government is the author's next assignment.

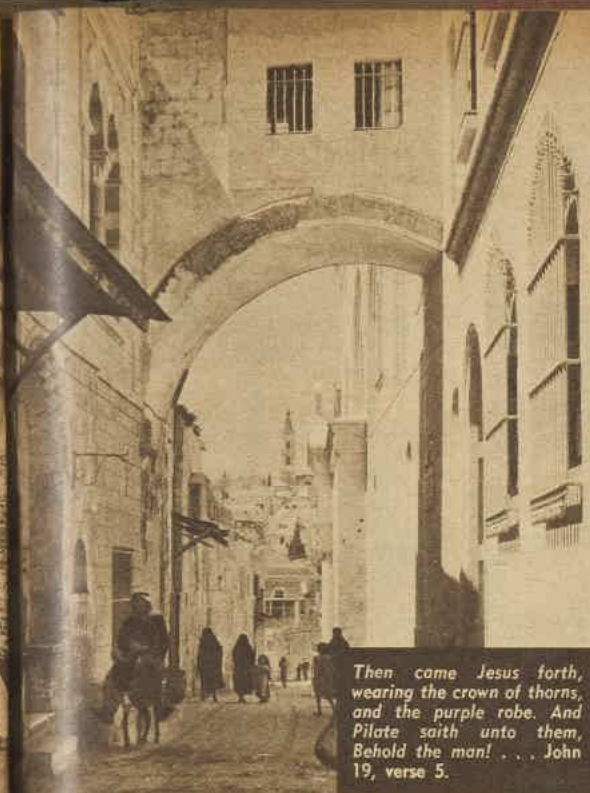


And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent . . . Matthew 27, verse 51.

**A STORM DARKENING** eastern wall of temple area in Jerusalem reproduces conditions during the Crucifixion described by St. Matthew in the passage beginning: Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 16, 1948





Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! . . . John 19, verse 5.

**WAY OF THE CROSS**, Via Dolorosa, spanned by the arch of Ecce Homo (Behold the Man), winds from the praetorium, where Jesus was tried, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



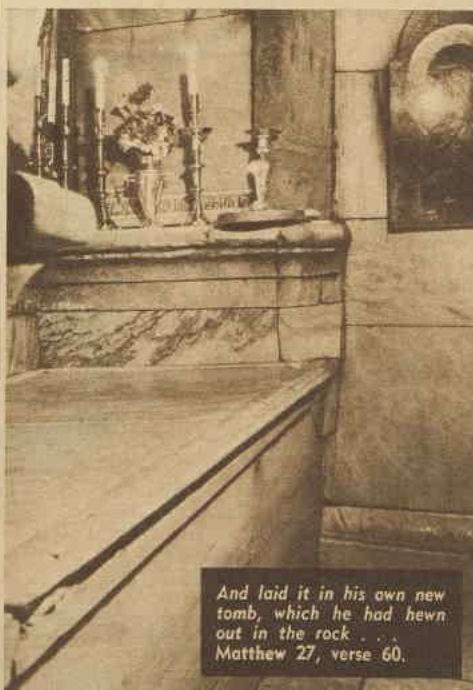
And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth . . . Matthew 27, verse 59.

**THE STONE OF THE ANOINTING**, revered Easter relic, is beyond the steps that descend from the sanctuary of Calvary to the ground floor of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene . . . John 19, verse 25.

**THE CRUCIFIXION GROUP** stands in the Franciscan chapel of the Apparition of Jesus to His Mother, in the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. Throngs of world pilgrims visit it.



And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock . . . Matthew 27, verse 60.

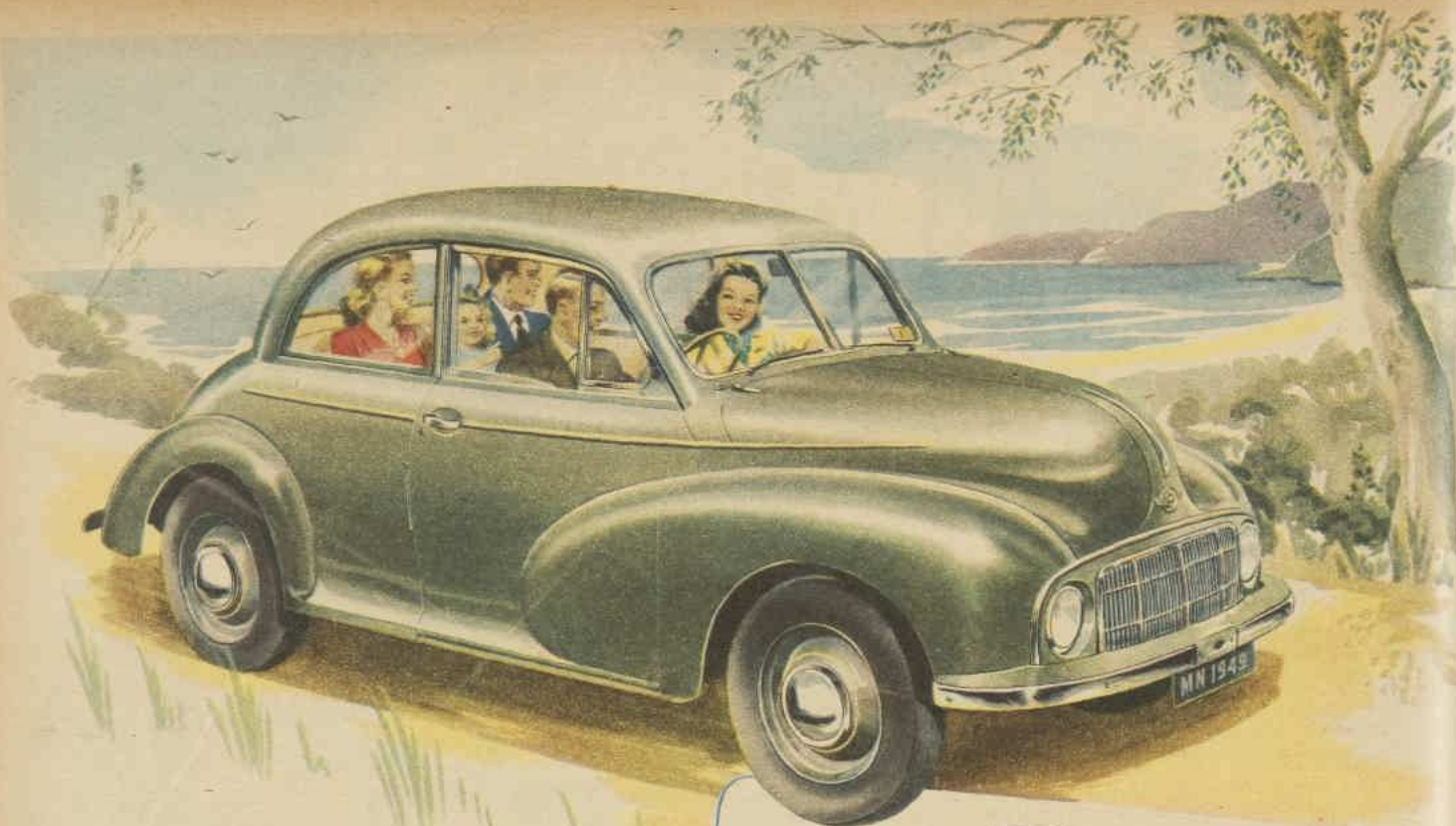
**THE HOLY SEPULCHRE**. The tomb itself is a raised bench two feet high, and six feet four inches long. The cracked marble is polished by lips of pilgrims.



. . . the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, . . . Matthew 28, verse 2.

**THE CHAPEL OF THE ANGEL**. In the pedestal in the centre is a fragment of the stone which was rolled from the door.





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2/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS

## Cry Deep, Cry Still

Continued from page 4

MRS. MERCY looked at young Tom and Caroline and spoke to Mrs. Teal: "Maybe your son could take the gun and go and look on the other side of the cowshed. There's a dog around." She added quietly: "A gray dog, Caroline thinks."

"Oh, dear," murmured Mrs. Teal. "They do bother in winter when they get hungry. Joe—" But Joe, reaching for the rifle, had already gone. "Have you got any turpentine? On a rag soaked with water, it would draw."

"No."

Mrs. Teal looked at her narrowly. "You been up most of the night, I guess. That's a terrible big tree that fell. Mercy better clear more away. I'll leave Joe here to sleep in the shed to-night. And to fetch me if you have need."

"It's a trouble for him."

"Great stars!" said Mrs. Teal. "What's the people for? And there's no need to stand off. Not out here. People have got to have each other. Even if they don't like each other, they got to get along. Well, it's soon dark and I'll go."

She gave a last look to young Tom and went into the yard, calling to her son. Joe Teal appeared from the timber for a moment, listened to his mother's words, and went back into the timber, as lean and easy and insolent as the wolf itself.

Caroline Mercy sat down before the churn, lifting and lowering the dasher in steady rhythm. Covertly from time to time Mrs. Mercy threw a glance towards young Tom. The fever was growing, the breaking point hadn't been reached.

She kneaded the butter and took it to the storehouse, poured butter-milk into a jug and brought young Tom a glass of it; when she lifted him upright to drink she felt the fiery heat of his body. He drank the full glass and fell back on the bed, fretful and weak. She pulled up the quilt round him.

Darkness came down with a rising wind and rain. She made supper for Caroline and for Joe Teal, who, coming out of the darkness, ate as though in haste to be back at his hunting.

"I'll sleep in the cowshed," he said, and took a blanket from her and led the cow away. The light's in my eyes," said Tom.

She snuffed the candles and drew a chair beside young Tom's bed, holding his hot hand.

"Now, then," she said, "you'll be better in the morning. This fever's about burned out the corruption, and then it'll go and you'll eat like a pig."

A terrible helplessness came upon her and out of it came bitter thoughts and a moment of hatred for John Mercy. He was an ambitious man who couldn't abide the thought of being small in Indiana—believing that a mile of land, a mill, and some day a store out here, would make them happy and leave the children well off.

In sleep, young Tom cried. She sat in the slowly chilling room, listening to the fever have its way, holding his hand and silently praying her will into him. She feared to let his hand go and she feared to move.

Mercy, about now, would be starting back over a country without roads or bridges; she had no tenderness in her thinking of him, only a feeling that if young Tom should die, her mind would die.

She bent, placing her head near his face; his breath rustled against it, but the sound of hard struggle was gone; and when she touched his face the heat, too, had gone.

He was motionless; he was in the sleep of exhaustion and the fever was broken. She pulled the covers round him, and, removing only her shoes, she got into bed beside Caroline and lay awake, too tired to be relieved.

On the seventh day the rain stopped; and the water-beaded trees round the house were all aspartle. A wolf hide hung in the cowshed,

shot by Joe Teal, who had gone home.

Young Tom sat propped round with pillows, his eye sockets deep and a wistfulness on his face, too weary to complain at being in bed; but he was hungry and he was better.

"You're not so sick you can't do some studying," she told him. "It's time wasted that's sinful, and I'll not have you ignorant like that trapper. Caroline, get that arithmetic book for him."

She hoisted the boiling tub to a bench before the door, and, her skirts tied up, she did the washing.

Joe Teal slipped into the cabin with a bottle of berry wine sent by his mother, having covered the four miles like a hound and yet breathing softly; and he refused food and quietly disappeared.

By afternoon the washing hung from every overhead pole in the cabin, beneath which she had to duck to make a meal and tend young Tom. The closeness of this living crossed her and made her more and more irritable.

This was her mood when a straight, thin, and whiskered man in a dark suit so old and hard-used that it had a green cast on it stepped from a horse before her door and cheerfully announced himself.

"I am Reverend White, ridin' my circuit," he said. "It was Sister Teal that said you were here. The boy's better? This, I guess, is Caroline, and I've struck you at washin' time and you won't like me for it."

She didn't. It offended her enormously to bring him into this room with its crowded furniture, and its damp clothes scraping the top of his grey head.

But he was a minister and she was courteous to him, by nature respecting his profession. She went hastily round to make up a meal which, because of its poor showing, further depressed her. He ate and he talked.

"Husband be back soon? It's a long ride to Vancouver. Sister Teal mentioned he was after millstones. A miller by trade?"

"He's got knowledge of it," said Mrs. Mercy.

"He'll make out, he'll do well. He's got good land, good water power—he's had the best choice before the multitude come. There's no land like it for richness." He gave her a passing glance and went back to his food. "A little rain, of course. There's the gift it's got—water to make things grow. I recall the harshness of northern winters."

"I pine for cold weather," she said. "That's natural, but another year here and you'll not hanker for home and friends. You'll have them here."

"Will they ever come?"

"By the thousands," said Reverend White, "and if you bend your ear, sister, you can hear the tramp-ling of their feet now. It's destiny. That winter wheat planted in the field?"

"Yes."

"The rain that troubles you will bring that wheat on fat and heavy. The rain is your bread and butter."

He looked at the wine bottle on the table; she felt shame that he should see it.

"That's Sister Teal's elderberry. I recognise. No medicine like it for your son."

"Could I offer you some, Reverend?"

He said, "No." In a rather reluctant way and at once said it stronger. "No. Barely enough for him. Now then," he said, rising, "it's twenty miles to the next family and I have got to ride."

He was a minister, but he had none of that refinement about him which, in Indiana, sets ministers apart; he was a man before a minister, more like a millwright than anything else. He thanked her for the meal and rode down to the meadow and out of sight.

Please turn to page 21

## FASHION FLASHES

BY LUX

### Alpine Rose

Snowdrift beauty delicately patterned with Fair Isle roses. This Lux model is as easy to wear as a smile, and just as becoming. Lux care keeps knitted shapely year after year. Never a sign of matting or shrinking!

### "Maid Marian"

Gay as a pageant... dashing as bold Robin Hood... this exclusive Lux model hits the fashion target. Like all hand-knits, it will stay new-looking far longer if you wash it in gentle Lux instead of harsh soaps.



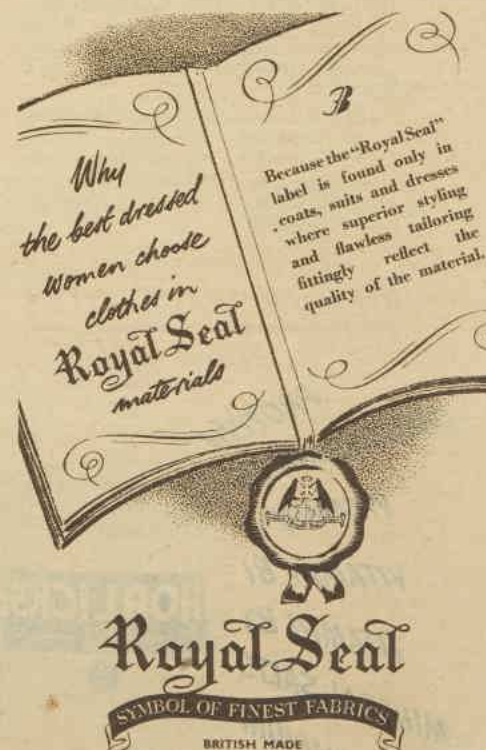
### "Flight of Fancy"

Blue love-birds whisper sweet nothings on these shell pink panties and matching bra. Charming! And remember, my pretties, a nightly Lux dip whisks out left-in perspiration that fades colours, ruins delicate fabrics.



U 304.WW812

THAT SMART LOOK... IT'S THE LUX LOOK



**Royal Seal**

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Famous Stage and  
Radio Star

**HILDA  
SCURR**

says:

"Delicious Horlicks  
is our favourite  
at home. It's the  
most nourishing of  
all food drinks!"

Hilda Scurr — like so many other famous radio and stage stars — leads a strenuous life. When she is not rehearsing or recording, she is giving performances that keep her out of bed until well after midnight.

Is it any wonder Hilda looks forward to a glass of Horlicks before bed! She relies on it... for she has found that Horlicks is not only the most delicious, but it's the most *nourishing* of all food drinks. It gives her the *extra* energy she needs every day.

**RICH IN THESE VITAL**  
**FOOD VALUES!**

PROTEIN  
CARBOHYDRATES  
VITAMIN A  
VITAMIN B1  
VITAMIN B2  
MINERAL SALTS  
CALCIUM



#### What is Horlicks?

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is *Nature's* flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they *need* it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone *enjoys* Horlicks.

#### Horlicks and 'Night Starvation'

If you wake tired, feel run-down and "nervy", then you need Horlicks to guard against 'Night Starvation'. Horlicks rebuilds energy while you sleep — builds up new reserves within you. After Horlicks you wake refreshed — ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against 'Night Starvation'.

Horlicks is equally delicious hot or cold.

Ask your storekeeper for

**HORLICKS**

the delicious, **NOURISHING** food drink



**Radio Rehearsal.** Radio rehearsals can be very tiring — mentally and physically. Hilda Scurr says: "Horlicks is my stand-by. During the day when I'm beginning to feel the strain I have a glass of Horlicks. That soon brings new energy."



**After the Show.** Hilda is Mrs. Ron Roberts in private life... and her distinguished actor husband is equally keen on Horlicks. Hilda says: "At home we all agree Horlicks is best... it's our favourite food drink."

16-oz. TIN

**3'6**

8-oz. TIN

**2'2**

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 10, 1949



# House full of children brings them happiness

Parents of only son make a home for four other youngsters

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

A Victorian former hotelkeeper and his wife are playing father and mother to four children of three different sets of parents, "because they like children."

In a story-book setting at Blackwood, a little township in the Great Dividing Range, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Burkett have a rare household of happiness, where these children are growing up with their own ten-year-old son, Graeme.

**MR. AND MRS. BURKETT** recently made legal history in Australia when they brought a Workers' Compensation damages claim against themselves on behalf of two members of their "family," six-year-old Margaret Dalton and her sister Judith, aged five, whose mother was accidentally burned to death while in Mr. Burkett's employ twelve months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Burkett are now the legal guardians of Margaret and Judith.

They are also "Mummy and Daddy" to seven-year-old Norman Hando, son of an old school mate of Mrs. Burkett, who lost his wife when Norman was two years old.

They are "Uncle and Auntie" to a fifth juvenile member of the household, engaging four-year-old John Tannock.

John is really only a "guest" member while his mother, Mrs. Bruce Tannock, recuperates after serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Burkett completely dismiss suggestions that they are performing unusual kindness in making a home for four one-time strange children, including selling the hotel they had at Blackwood to live privately for the sake of the kiddies.

"When we look round our fireside at night and see 'our' children, we have such downright happiness we feel we are the privileged ones," says Mrs. Burkett.

"We have their love now. We will never want their gratitude."

The "family" unexpectedly grew from one to two children about four years ago, when little Norman Hando was given a home by the Burkett's after being in an orphanage for six months following the death of his mother.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Burkett, then a building contractor in Melbourne, took over the hotel at Blackwood, because of the shortage of building materials and because he and his wife had always been enchanted by the beauty of the Blackwood district, where they had spent many holidays.

Besides running the hotel, Mr. Burkett at cabins he built in the



MINNIE, THE GOAT, is beloved pet of eldest of the children, Graeme, ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Burkett.



MARGARET AND JUDITH DALTON put their "babies," Steve and Richard, to bed in miniature prams brought by Father Christmas.

their favor, we were very concerned that, in trying to do our best for their future, we were perhaps going to deprive them of money they were rightfully entitled to."

The £1050 awarded recently to Margaret and Judith by Judge Gamble, who also complimented the Burkett's on their action, is to be put away as a nest egg for the children when they are older.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Burkett are bearing the cost of their upbringing, as they are with Norman Hando and their own son Graeme.

It's quite an experience to be even a guest member of this amazing household.

Mr. and Mrs. Burkett and the children live in an 80-year-old wooden house perched on a steep hillside overlooking a thickly wooded valley.

The house is a spacious old home of seven rooms, and Mr. Burkett, who bought it only recently, has a big job ahead effecting repairs and improvements.

But even as it stands, it's rich in the things that make children happy.

A refrigerator in the kitchen, besides keeping fresh big bowls of thick, yellow cream supplied by Nigger, the Jersey cow, is also a reliable source of ice blocks.

Blackberry bushes grow right up to the verandahs round the house, and there are walnut and fruit trees in the garden.

Two Indian wigwams in the garden also provide a picturesque note.

Disagreements between the children are rare. When they do occur, peace is established very smartly by Mrs. Burkett, who promptly puts parties concerned to bed.

## OUR COVER

OUR cover this week shows boy choristers of St. Mark's Church, Sydney, practising for Easter services.

Singing of boy choristers has always been a feature at St. Mark's. Choristers range in age from eight to fourteen years, practise twice a week, and before each Sunday morning service.

In the background of the picture are beautiful stained-glass windows showing a scene from the Crucifixion. St. Mark's is 101 years old.

"Putting them both to bed makes sure of punishing the culprit!" she says. "It also discourages tale-bearing."

Besides being head cook, bottle-washer, and disciplinarian-in-chief, Mrs. Burkett makes nearly all the kiddies' clothes.

She cherishes every moment of her full life.

"Most people have to go outside their homes for their pleasures," she explains. "We have all our happiness here."

The Burkett's consider that the financial side of bringing up the children does not cost them any more than the amount spent by many husbands and wives on cigarettes, drinks, and amusements.

Since returning to private life, Mr. Burkett has resumed his old job as a builder. Mrs. Burkett has found that housekeeping for meat, groceries, vegetables, and bread for the seven of them costs about £5 a week.

Their own Jersey cow supplies two gallons of milk a day, and three dozen eggs a week are provided by their own fowls.

Unless any member of the contingent develops a longing to take up a profession, Mr. and Mrs. Burkett are very firm-minded about giving them a good plain education without "frills."

"We don't want them to be educated above their station in life. We want each child to remain close to the others throughout their lives," they reason.

But don't think that small, red-gold-haired Mrs. Burkett, with a face conspicuously unlined, and massive Ernie Burkett, whose reserved personality and handshake inspire tremendous confidence, are not ambitious for their children.

They are keenly ambitious for them. It's just that their values are more basic.

More than anything in the world they want them to grow up to be good citizens and make marriages as happy as their own.

## Legal aspect

AFTER legal guardianship of the children had been settled, Mr. and Mrs. Burkett were dismayed to discover that assuming guardianship had altered the legal aspect of their Workers' Compensation Insurance policy under which the children should benefit for the loss of their mother.

The Burkett's were told that, as guardians of the children, they would be put in the position of having to sue themselves.

"It was a very worrying time," Mrs. Burkett recalls.

"Until the case was settled in

surrounding forest to holiday makers.

One cabin was taken by a Mrs. Bruce Tannock. When the Burkett's discovered that Mrs. Tannock had been in ill-health they insisted she should leave the cabin and be well cared for at the hotel.

Although Mrs. Tannock returned to her home in Melbourne some time ago, little John is remaining with the Burkett's until his mother is quite well again.

Mr. and Mrs. Burkett first became interested in Margaret and Judith Dalton when their 24-year-old mother, Laura Dalton, obtained a job at the Burkett's hotel as a housemaid.

After her tragic death twelve months ago, following an accident with a petrol iron, Mr. and Mrs. Burkett, who had a deep affection for her, contacted the children's father.

He came down from Darwin and handed over legal guardianship of



MR. AND MRS. ERNIE BURKETT with their "family." From left: Norman Hando, John Tannock, Judith Dalton, Margaret Dalton, and the Burkett's 10-year-old son, Graeme.



APRIL 16, 1949

## THE EASTER HOLIDAY

EASTER is one of the most significant celebrations of the Christian year.

It is also one of the pleasantest breaks in the working year. The four-day holiday is long enough to provide real refreshment of mind and body.

*A lot of women are going to miss this chance of refreshment—they always do. They use such breaks as these to catch up on the thousand jobs that make up woman's work, which is never done.*

The business girl checks over her clothes and goes in for an orgy of washing and pressing.

The working wife tries to do the things she has to scamp during ordinary working weeks. She turns out the pantry, scours the kitchen, and goes to town with the vacuum cleaner.

The busy mother, too often, contents herself with ministering to the holiday needs of the rest of the family, and while they're out gets busy with the mending basket.

All this is not what holidays are for.

A glow of satisfaction at knowing the darning is up to date or the pantry shelves are in order will fade in a week.

*But a memory of the sight of blue hills or curling breakers will return, and return with rewarding joy for months, and hours spent lazing in the sun will yield continuing benefits of relaxed nerves and renewed strength.*

The word holiday means a day of cessation from work, or a day of recreation.

Women should discard those plans about cupboards and curtains, and take an Easter holiday.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



# WORTH Reporting

A MEMBER of our staff went off to buy some stamps the other day and returned a considerable time later, telling us she had been sidetracked in the pages of the Post Office Guide. She produced the following fascinating information:

You can't send silk-worm eggs to Turkey without the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture. It isn't any use buying cigarette-lighters for birthdays or Christmas for friends in the Sandwich Islands, because you can't send them.

Police whistles or apparatus for making false money cannot be sent to Nicaragua; no bees except queen bees (and then under permit) may be sent to Jamaica.

Switzerland bars the entry of "snowball" (chain) letters, Iceland the sending of hair, and the Argentine refuses to have its post offices cluttered up with branches of bamboo.

Most intriguing entry, our reporter thought, came from Peru, which states it will not have glass bulbs containing perfumed ether for use in carnival games passing through its mails.

Quite a lot of countries refuse to have anything to do with lottery tickets; and Tunis, Spain, and Rumania are among those to which you may not send playing-cards.

STATISTICS collected in Britain recently showed there were 1,560,000 cats in London, that the British cat population was about 13 per cent. of the human one. In older, more crowded towns, there were about three cats to 20 humans; in the newer suburban districts, about half as many.

## Train crew help with shopping

THE other day we carted our luggage to the edge of a country property we were visiting, hailed a small passing train, and were assisted aboard by a happy-faced young man who told us his name was Harry Thompson.

Harry is conductor on the rail motor which runs daily between the New South Wales towns of Merriwa and Muswellbrook, and picks up passengers anywhere along the line.

"People just run out of the bush, put up their hands, and we stop," Harry told us.

"Sometimes they're passengers, but often they just want the driver, Hec Lyners, and me to do some shopping for them during the few hours we are in Muswellbrook."

"We make all sorts of purchases every day. We even buy clothes for women."

"Once I had to buy a ball dress for a girl, and a lovely thing it was, too—all pink organdie."

Harry, who has been on the run for six years, said he's as "happy as Larry" with the job, and wouldn't like to change it.

"We get some passengers," he said. "Only a while back Lady Stonehaven, wife of a former Governor-General, rode along with us on her way to Sir Frederick McMaster's place at Merriwa."

"Be" and I know a lot of people, but a lot more know us."



"For twenty years he's been setting his watch by that painted clock of mine."

## Mountain pinch named after pioneer

IN a paragraph about the mail run from Canberra to Brindabella which we published in the issue of March 19, we quoted an anecdote told us about the naming of Reid's Pinch, on the Brindabella Road.

This story related that the pinch was named after a bullock driver, who, having fortified himself from a bottle for the lonely journey, was stuck on the pinch, and choked the bullocks instead of the dray.

Miss V. Harrigan, of Queanbeyan, writes to say that Reid's Pinch was named after her grandfather, a total abstainer, one of the earliest settlers in the district.

"He was highly respected throughout the district," says Miss Harrigan, "and was never guilty of touching alcohol in any form."

## Melbourne club for elderly citizens

SOUTH MELBOURNE City Council has launched an "Elderly Citizens' Club."

It is housed in a converted Army hut, painted cream and white, surrounded by a neat garden, at the corner of Park Street and Howe Crescent.

Comfortably furnished, it has a shower-room and a canteen staffed by voluntary helpers. Three modern, glass-fronted stoves are built into the walls, and it is supplied with books and magazines.

To give the club members a feeling of independence, they are asked to pay a shilling a week club dues, but the chief costs are met by the South Melbourne Council's Community Chest, a fund which supports all the municipality's public welfare projects.

The club is open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., and on Saturday till 10 p.m., to all elderly men and women in the district, a densely populated industrial area where many aged people live lonely lives in rented rooms.

Besides recreation and relaxation, the club is also providing one free hot meal a day for members.

A similar club will be opened in another part of the district later in the year.

## Mother of famous ballet dancer

WHEN Mrs. M. Helpmann, mother of Robert Helpmann, attends the premiere of the film "Red Shoes" in Sydney, it will be the eleventh time she has seen this ballet for which her famous son was choreographer, directed the dancing, and danced the principal male role.

Mrs. Helpmann went to "Red Shoes" ten times in England last year.

With Bobbie Helpmann and her daughter Sheila, she attended the world premiere in London last August.

"It was a wonderful thrill when we swept into the foyer arm in arm, cameras clicking on all sides," she tells us.

After seeing the film three times in London, Mrs. Helpmann travelled with her daughter Sheila, who toured England playing in "Separate Rooms," an American comedy, with Hal Thompson, American actor who has been in Australia.

"At every town we stayed, 'Red Shoes' was showing, so I always went to have another look," said Mrs. Helpmann.

Mrs. Helpmann, who bred and exhibited Pekingese and Pomeranians for 23 years, visited dog shows whenever she could on the tour.

She judged toy dogs at Cardiff and Leeds. In England she met one of the most famous judges of dogs, Mr. Leo Wilson, and is looking forward to meeting him again at the Sydney Royal Show.

Before she went abroad with Sheila in 1947, Mrs. Helpmann had kennels at East St. Kilda, and sometimes had as many as 45 toy dogs.

During the war she built a special air-raid shelter for them.

MR. HUGH BROWN, a veterinary surgeon of Norfolk, England, told a meeting of farmers that cows enjoyed good music. "But it must be sweet and soothing with a dreamy rhythm," he said. "They hate jazz, syncopation, and jive."

## Jewels doubled in value

VALUER at a well-known jewellery firm says that many people suspect jewels are removed from their watches when they are being repaired or revalued.

"Stones in the mechanism of a watch are worth no more than 7d. each," he said. "So it would hardly be worth the trouble!"

Insurance companies constantly advise their clients to have jewels revalued to keep their policies up to date with current market prices.

"Precious stones have more than doubled in value since before the war," the valuer told us. "Diamonds are still top favorites and have maintained a more evenly increasing price level than other precious stones."

"Chief advantage of jewels is the fact that they never really become second-hand."

"Prices on the Sydney market are chicken-feed compared to those in London, Paris, and New York," he said. "Here we could never sell a ring for more than £3700—in other cities the sky is the limit."

Jewels brought to be valued aren't always old. Sometimes girls bring in brand-new engagement rings—presumably to find out how generous their fiancés have been.

# Interesting People



BRIGADIER HUGH WRIGLEY  
C.B.E., M.C., E.D.

... Trade Commissioner

NEW Australian Trade Commissioner in Hongkong and Philippines is Brigadier Hugh Wrigley, who spent some time between Wars I and II in Indian Army. For past two years has been Commercial Counsellor with Australian Mission in Japan. He won Military Cross during World War One, C.B.E. for services in Middle East during last war. With new job will combine that of Commercial Counsellor for South China.



MISS AGATHA CHRISTIE  
... money in murder

REGARDED only as writer of mystery stories, Agatha Christie astounded literary world recently by admitting she is author of charming novel, "The Rose and the Yew Tree," written under name of Mary Westmacott. Her second husband is an archaeologist, with whom she frequently goes on expeditions. Of her successful literary career, she says: "I must have made more money out of murder than any woman since Lucretia Borgia."



MR. GEORGE IVAN SMITH  
... London U.N.O. Director

NEW director of the London office of U.N.O. is George Ivan Smith, former Sydney journalist, who during war was in charge of Pacific service of B.B.C. Later he became literary editor of foreign affairs documentary films with J. Arthur Rank, and two years ago joined U.N.O. as chief of English languages information section. In his early thirties, he is practical idealist, author of verses and plays.

By Gus





**DOCTOR WEDS.** Dr. Tom Robertson and his bride, formerly Betty Harmston, leave St. James' Church, King Street, for reception at home of Tom's mother, Mrs. J. Inglis Robertson, at Killara. Betty is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham Harmston.



**SMILING COUPLE.** Dr. and Mrs. George Wilcox leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, after their marriage. Bride formerly Pamela Spooner, eldest daughter of State President of the Liberal Party, Mr. W. H. Spooner, and Mrs. Spooner, of Balgossah.



**PRETTY BRIDE.** Mrs. David Longmuir signs the register after her marriage at St. James' Church, King Street, while her husband looks on. Bride formerly June Logan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Logan, of June. David is only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Longmuir, of Wagga.

## Intimate Gossipings

**M**OUNTING feeling of excitement in air as Easter approaches and those wide-brimmed hats shading sunburned faces appear in Castlereagh Street and make a city gal realise the Show is on and Easter is really here, with its never-ending series of festivities lined up for the holidays.

Last Easter, still ration-starved for clothes, found the shops tantalising with their variety. This year there's simply everything—provided the purse holds out!

Easter should bring forth galaxy of glorious fashions for the 1949 Autumn Race Meeting, and we know already we'll wear the clothes, heatwave or no.

Festivities got off to fine start last Saturday with Chipping Norton Stakes at Randwick, and the opening of the Royal Show. Lots of parties lined up for following weeks include Country Matrons' Ball at Wentworth Hotel, on April 14; Royal Sydney Golf Club At Home on April 18; Matrons' Ball at Royal Sydney Golf Club on April 19; Union Club cocktail party on April 20; and Garden Party at Government House on April 21.



**FIRST VISIT** to Australia for Lady Goodson (right), photographed with fellow Strathaird passenger Sally McCaughey. With her husband, Sir Alfred, Lady Goodson visits her niece, Mrs. Alan Mackay. Sally returns to Melbourne from school in England.



**LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S.** Mr. and Mrs. Van Ryn lunching at Romano's with Mrs. Don Elsenhauer and Mrs. Pierre Grandjean. Mrs. Elsenhauer, who was Shirley Arnott, has been down from New Guinea since the birth of her daughter Deborah. She returns home shortly. Mrs. Grandjean, who was Hazel Laurence, of Cremorne, leaves for Verviers, Belgium, with her husband to make their home.

**JUST** hordes of country people down. Think they must be giving the country back to the rabbits after all as the Show seems to be drawing them from near and far.

Arthur and Marj. Cobcroft come down from Herbert Park, Armidale, to stay at Australia, but are hardly ever there as they're up at crack of dawn to see their prize cattle at Showground. The McMaster family, Sir Frederick and Lady McMaster and their daughter, Thelma, who exhibits, stay at Australia, too, when they come down from Cassilis.

The Munro family from Weebolla, Moree, are down, and understand Munro papa is thrilled pink when his son, Wally, is picked as associate judge of polled shorthorns. Wally's young wife, Molra, who has just presented him with son and heir, looks on from grandstand. Busy time for Mrs. Munro and daughter, Penelope, as they combine trousseau shopping with festivities. Penelope will marry Henry Moses, of Courallie, Moree, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on June 8.

**SYDNEY** friends of Grace Muirhead Gould, widow of Rear-Admiral Muirhead Gould, will be interested to hear news of her marriage in London on April 2 to Mr. Denzil Clark. Her three sons, Andrew, John, and James Muirhead Gould, are all at school in England.

**PARTY** given by Col. and Mrs. C. Ingate at their home at Willoughby to give them opportunity of introducing their future daughter-in-law to some of their Army friends. Their elder son, Jack, will marry Rona Anable at St. Mary's on Easter Saturday. Col. Ingate was C.O. of 2/5th Field Regiment during war years, and among guests entertained at party were Brigadier and Mrs. S. Friend, Brigadier and Mrs. Les Daly, Brigadier and Mrs. Peter O'Connell, Col. and Mrs. E. Sutton, Col. and Mrs. J. Herberson, Major and Mrs. Tom Brown, Col. and Mrs. W. Courtney, and Major and Mrs. J. Denton.



**PARTY AT BRADFIELD PARK.** Acting Area Officer Commanding, Group-Captain P. G. Hefernan, and Mrs. Hefernan with Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. J. P. J. McCauley at party in officers' mess, Bradfield Park, given to welcome Air Vice-Marshal McCauley to Sydney.



**GRADUATE.** Kevin Morgan is congratulated by his wife when he receives degree in law at University of Sydney. Two of the Morgans' children, three-year-old Janet and two-year-old Christopher, came to watch their father receive his diploma. Their baby daughter, Cecily, aged two months, remained at home.



**AT SAMMY LEE'S.** Dinner date for Anne Donald with new leading man, Donald Kirk, who arrives from America to take over juvenile lead in "Annie Get Your Gun" and plays opposite Anne.

**R**ETURNING to New Guinea after two months' leave in Sydney is Mrs. Colin Carpenter, of Kul Kul plantation, Kar Kar Islands, near Madang, New Guinea. Mrs. Carpenter came to Sydney with her husband, who has since returned home, and she has been staying with her mother, Mrs. C. Chartres, of Lindfield. Mrs. Carpenter's visit has corresponded with the nor-west wet season in New Guinea, which she has wisely dodged.

Other New Guinea residents holidaying in Sydney are newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hall, who were married recently at St. Philip's Church Hill. Before her marriage Mrs. Hall was Patricia Wauchope, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wauchope, of Awar plantation, Madang, N.G. Couple stay at Tusculum, Potts Point, and Carlton Hotel before they return.

**BRIEFLY:** Lady Leverhulme, who was unable to come on to Sydney with her husband because of illness in South Australia, arrives in Strathaird, and makes Australia Hotel her headquarters. . . . Betty and Tony Ricketson receiving congratulations on birth of their son, James Stanforth. . . . Officers and members of Parramatta St. John Ambulance attend wedding of Beryl Twigg and Hilary Bergan. Beryl is fifth daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. W. E. Twigg. . . . Square-cut emerald engagement ring surrounded by diamonds worn by attractive Barbara Longworth, of Talana, Moree, who announced her engagement to Bob Hinton during recent holiday in Sydney.

*Joyce*



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THE WHITEST WHITES...  
THE BRIGHTEST COLOURS



Persil's oxygen-charged suds shift even deep-down dirt, not some of it—not most of it—but ALL of it. That's why a Persil wash is the cleanest wash of all... whites dazzling white... colours dazzling bright.

IT'S PERSIL'S OXYGEN THAT PUTS  
THE DAZZLE IN ALL YOUR WASH

P.403.82VW

## Lots of extra time for pleasure

You'll have hours of extra kitchen freedom with the larger, 8-pint Lanray. Nicer meals, too—true flavour with full vitamin goodness. Get the safe Lanray Pressure Cooker—for any type of stove.



LOTS OF SAVINGS TOO!

### The Lanray PRESSURE COOKER

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## Left-Hand Seat

Continued from page 5

PETE found out that he was expected to be a plumber, electrician, boatbuilder, grocer, butcher, outboard motor mechanic, fishing tackle expert, and laundryman.

He was also supposed to have at his tongue's tip accurate information on a variety of subjects, including fishing, swimming, mountain climbing, aquaplaning, golf, tennis, and clam digging.

He and Connie were so tired they didn't have fun any more. During the day she seemed like just any other girl who worked round the place.

She watched Pete closely to see whether he showed signs of forgetting that he was a pilot and was now a resort man and enjoying it.

She'd pass him during the day and say, "How're you doing?" lightly, casually, but Pete knew what she meant. She meant, "Are you starting to love it? Does it seem like your home yet?" and Pete would say, "Okay," and try to look happy and pleased because it made her happy.

They worked late at night because tourists seemed to have insatiable desires and curiosities. Their privacy was infiltrated by the nature of the business.

If he settled down with a book a new guest was certain to dive in if he were writing a letter someone was sure to want a boat for a night ride on the lake.

Pete, who loved to linger in a shower-bath, now rushed through his showers because someone was sure to want something.

In spite of himself he became nervous and irritable—he, who had never had a nerve in his body. He had trouble sleeping.

He realised with a frightening certainty that he and Connie were steadily pulling at their marriage until it threatened to come apart at the seams.

The knowledge was terrifying—even more so because he couldn't say to her, "It's no good. Connie. I'm going back to the airline." He knew what would happen. Connie would say, "Go ahead and go back—but don't expect me to go."

She didn't go with him the day he went in for the motor for the washing machine. No one had checked out of the cabins so there wasn't any cleaning to do, but Connie had to stay and help her mother wash some pillow-cases since the washer had broken down.

"When you get to town you go to the bridge," Connie said, "and turn left. You follow that road till you come to Eddy's Electric. About half a mile. I should say."

"Okay," Pete said, kidding her. "Turn right at the bridge and—"

"No!" Connie said, with a vehemence that was surprising. "Turn left!"

Pete kissed her and took off, glad of the chance to get away. He was even glad that Connie couldn't go. He wanted to be alone, not because he felt sorry for himself, but because he needed to collect his thoughts.

When he reached town he turned left at the bridge and drove for half a mile and his foot came down on the brake.

Beside the road was the County Airport. Without thought he drove in, parked by the office and got out. There were two C-47s by the one hangar and there were four or five light planes staked out.

He walked into the office, thinking that he might rent one of the light planes for half an hour. A man was sitting behind the desk with his feet on top of it. He was propped at a perilous angle.

Another fellow was asleep on a long bench that ran the length of the room and another was lustily kicking a Coke machine that had, according to strong language, taken his last nickel.

"Look out, you'll spin in," Pete said to the man behind the desk.

The man leaned back another inch. "Who cares?"

"Who owns the C-47s?" Pete asked.

"We do."

He didn't look happy about owning them. Pete thought he might cheer him up. "How about renting one?"

"You a pilot?"

Pete nodded. "Ferry Command and United and Western Airlines."

The Coke-machine kicker turned

round and the sleeper woke up.

"An airlines guy!" he said. "I bet he's got some dough."

He came to Pete and said, "I'm Jerry Mosely, and this character," he said, pointing to the one behind the desk, "is Eddie Dooley, and this is Stanislaus Manavich, but we call him 'Manny'."

He surveyed Pete and said, "What in the devil are you doing out here in the country God forgot?"

Pete shook hands with them. "Pete Raymond," he said. He had no intention of telling them what he was doing for a living. Cleaning cabins. They'd knock themselves out laughing at him.

"I don't know," he said. "I must have holes in my head."

He was so glad to see someone who spoke his language that he grinned at them foolishly. "What you guys doing with the airplanes?"

Jerry Mosely winced. He nodded to Eddie. "You tell him I haven't the heart."

Eddie grinned ruefully. "We bought these crates and we got 'em certified and ready to go, and now we haven't got anything for 'em to do."

"Fine," Pete said. "Then why did you—?"

"Don't tell me," Eddie said. "We should've thought of that before we bought them. We had a good deal. We were going to fly crabs and clams and salmon—stuff like that—seafoods in season—back East. They pay a terrific price. Then in the apple and fruit season we were going to fly fresh fruit to Alaska."

"But we ran outa dough," Jerry said.

"Well," Pete said. "Tell me about this deal—all about it."

Eddie stood up and leaned forward. "When you walked in here, I knew you were looking for some place to put your loose change." He put out his hand. "Shake, partner."

Two hours later Pete started back. He was afraid to face Connie, but the lead was gone from his stomach and his heart was slugging.

He had to tell her that he was going to fly south, over the border to Yakima, and pick up a plane load of apples and fly to Anchorage. He dreaded telling her.

HIS conscience and his desire played tug-of-war until he got back to Pickwood Lake, and as he drove in he remembered that he had completely forgotten the motor for the washing machine.

He was thinking of that when he got out of the car.

Connie came out of the store and took one look at him, ran to him and hit him with the full force of her rush, threw her arms round him and clung tightly, sobbing. "Oh, Pete—Oh, darling, you're back with me again!"

Pete's brow corrugated as he tried to figure it out. He hugged her and then held her off at arms' length and looked at her.

"I didn't get the motor for the washer," he said.

She started laughing. "Oh, Pete, I know you didn't!"

"You know I didn't! How did you know?"

"Was Jerry Mosely happy?" she asked, her eyes amused.

"Jerry Mosely!" Pete yelled.

"What do you know about Jerry?"

"Oh, Pete," Connie said. "I've known Jerry all my life. He was out here last week, and he told me all about his planes and how they were short of money. So I gave you directions to get to the airport. There's nothing wrong with the washer. See!" She pointed.

The clotheslines were filled with sheets and pillowcases.

Pete shook his head. "Women!" he said.

"It's nice having you back with me again," Connie said. "I could tell what had happened from the look on your face. It's such a different look, Pete. I knew you were miserable and I was unhappy because you were. You were away from me for a long time, but now you're back."

"But I'm not back," Pete said.

"I'm going to Yakima and then Anchorage."

"I know," Connie said, "but you're back in the left-hand seat and you're back in my heart and that's all that matters."

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WW49 P43

## HUSKY LAD



COLIN MOON, of Union St., West Brunswick, Vic., is a typical healthy Australian boy. Like so many of today's children, Colin owes much of his splendid health to delicious Vegemite, the vitamin-rich yeast extract which, his mother says, he has enjoyed since he was a baby. Infant Welfare Centres everywhere recommend Vegemite for children from the age of six months. Children love its tasty flavour and they need its nourishing goodness. Vegemite is rich in vitamins, niacin and riboflavin. It's tastier and costs less.



# TEENA

By  
HILDA TERRY

Window  
dressing



MARTHA would have been surprised at Reverend White. Passing round a point of the hill he came to a grove of oaks well beyond the cabin, here dismounting to kneel before a tree.

He knew her story from Mrs. Teal, he knew her trials from the trials of other women before her.

Knowing her unhappiness, Reverend White prayed for Martha alone, naming all the troubles she had undergone and all the excellencies he saw within her. Then he rose, brushed his wet knees, and rode into the gathering twilight towards a cabin twenty miles away...

Martha milked, fed the pigs, and gathered the eggs and looked in the chickens after counting them.

After Caroline had gone to bed she got her basket and pulled the rocker to the fire—all the long day waiting for this restful moment—and settled there with thread and patch cloth.

For a moment the redness of her hands drew her attention, and she let them lie while she became aware of the scratches upon them. She remembered that her grandmother's hands had been like this, but not her mother's; for her grandmother had gone through the same drudgery while her mother, marrying the village merchant, had lived a calm life.

She might have married a merchant, too, and her days would have been as pleasant as her mother's.

It was hard to know sometimes what put one man above another, and why John Mercy, so abruptly

## Cry Deep, Cry Still

Continued from page 15

coming into her life, had made Bob Burgle seem no longer right.

The fireplace light at last made her eyes tired, and she went to bed. She was up still earlier next morning and set herself about the never-changing chores.

From the shed she got a venison joint, and put it into a deep skillet. She made a pie, and at proper time laid onions and potatoes and parsnips around the baking venison.

She changed young Tom's bed, washed his face; she did Caroline's hair and was momentarily happy with her daughter's prettiness; and then at last she did her own hair and tied on a new apron.

Young Tom said, "It's way past suppertime."

"You can wait a little longer," she said; then, in the distance beyond the meadow she heard Mercy's call.

"It will be just a little while," she said.

Mercy circled the wagon into its place beside the cabin, seeing his wife and daughter framed in the doorway's gushing yellow light. He said, "That's a pretty sight. Everything well?"

Mrs. Mercy said, "We got along."

"I said eight days—and eight days it was."

He unyoked and led away the oxen and came slowly back, walking with a weary man's loose knees. He got something from the wagon

and said to Caroline, still standing in the doorway, "Maggie," and saw young Tom in bed. "What's here?"

"He had a cold," said Mrs. Mercy, "but it's all right now. We'll eat when you've washed."

She looked at him, knowing he had a cold, and saw that he had a cold; he met her glance and a sparkle got into his eyes and he said, "Well, then, I've not been misled?"

"Don't be foolish, Mercy. It's not right to beg for sentiment." She watched him reach into the package he carried, laying out a clustered chunk of transparent rock candy, and a string of Hudson Bay beads. "Candy from London, for the kids. Beads for you."

"I hope you didn't waste money on me. You know I don't wear trinkets. They will do for Caroline," she added.

He sat heavily on the rocker and got out of his boots, into his slippers. He washed and combed his hair and took his place at the table. When his family had taken their places, he looked at them, one by one, and dropped his head.

"For the food, for a safe return, and for the health of this family, Lord, thanks, Amen." He raised his head, a steady family austere benevolence coming to his face. "No trouble, then?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Martha Mercy.

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No need to envy the lucky girl with glamorous corn-silk tresses. You, too, can have the soft, natural blondness men admire with Napro Blonding Emulsion. Napro is blended from rich, exclusive oils that protect the natural suppleness and reveal the golden highlights in each strand of hair. Beware of that brittle "dried-straw" look... remember Napro keeps hair healthy... soft... alive

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Watch out girls! Take care of your hair when "that man" uses Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men. Just peep at that lustrous, vigorous look. Well groomed without "plastering"... "be-man" but not "wild-n'-woolly." And not a trace of dandruff! Napro Hair Vitalizer is a scientific preparation to keep scalp and hair healthy... hair well groomed.





# The 1949 Royal Show is on

Fun for Easter holiday-makers—  
and tons of potato chips

At least 40 per cent. of the exhibitors at this year's Royal Agricultural Society's Show are women. They outnumber the men in showing dogs, and are prominent among the beef cattle breeders.

Women are more meticulous breeders of stock than men, according to the society's registrar, Mr. H. N. Sarina. They are not as easily satisfied, and exert themselves to learn more about the breeds that interest them.

**W**ELL-KNOWN N.S.W. woman breeder Miss Thelma McMaster, of Dalkeith, Cassilis, is exhibiting Poll Herefords this year. Mrs. N. P. Wright, of Bickham, Blandford, also has entries in the Hereford section.

## Expert scone maker

**K**EEN Red Cross worker Mrs. L. Pennington, of Kingsford, has freshly painted her little tea and scone stall at the Chowground this year, ready for the crowds.



**VICTORIAN ASPIRANT** for flag-bending race honors, Mr. Noble Pennell, riding Sun Burst. He will bring Sun Burst and another pony, Sun Mist, to Sydney for the Royal Show.

With her husband, a war veteran, Mrs. Pennington built the stall herself more than 20 years ago. The first year they served tea with only the roof up; the walls were added the following year.

On Red Cross button days Mrs. Pennington breaks records selling buttons. She is secretary of the Kingsford branch of the Red Cross Society.

## "Chips worth eating"

**F**EW housewives cook chips worth eating, according to Mr. A. C. Foster, executive officer of the

Potato Marketing Board of Tasmania. He has organised the Board's two chips stands at the Show for the past 17 years.

Mr. Foster has made a special study of how to cook chips since 1932, when he hired a French chef to fry the first chipped potatoes sold by the Board at the Showground.

His latest effort is designing one of the world's largest deep fat fryers capable of turning out one ton of chips an hour. It needs four tons of fat to start.

"You must always use pure beef dripping—avoid mutton fat like the plague; it sticks to your

gums and is fit only to be made into candles," Mr. Foster maintains. "Always have plenty of fat, boiling hot," he says. "Most women try to cook 1lb. of potato chips in 1lb. of dripping. The correct way is, 1lb. of potatoes to 6 or 8lb. of dripping."

Customers receive their shilling-worth in greaseproof bags, which tell them on one side that potatoes are slimming. On the other side they can read the virtues of potatoes for increasing weight.

Girl employees can earn up to £20 a week and men up to £30. This includes overtime (of which there is plenty), tea money, and holiday pay. This year Mr. Foster will employ sons and daughters of Tasmanian potato growers.

The Potato Board has chartered a plane to bring 30 of them from Tasmania.

Mr. Foster doesn't eat potato chips. He prefers his potatoes baked in the oven in their jackets.

## Crippled children's work

**M**ODERN grey-and-red stand for the handicrafts display of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children was designed by final-year C.R.T.S. design student John Harrie.

Margaret Wiseman, director of handicrafts for the society, said that work by each of the 56 children she teaches will be shown.

Once a fortnight she visits all her charges, taking them new materials for their work and collecting things they have completed.

"They can make about 30/- to £2 a week. I always put the money in pay envelopes like other workers receive," Miss Wiseman said.

She is trying to find space for a shop in the city where their pottery, scarves, gloves, and other things can be sold, and where the children could work.

This year, for the first time, handicrafts are in a separate pavilion. Altogether 500 more entries than last year were sent in.

## Flag-bending thrills

**O**NE of the most popular ring events is the flag-bending race, and spectators roar their excitement as competitors weave their horses between flag-decorated posts, and then race along picking up the flags.

The race, which is more com-



**MR. AND MRS. T. J. FORD** at the North Coast and Tablelands district exhibit at the Show. It has been arranged by Mr. Ford for the past 20 years. Although he will be 74 years old in July, he is on the job again this year, assisted by Mrs. Ford. They live at Great Marlow, on the Clarence.

plicated than the ordinary flag race, tests the stamina of competing horses and calls for controlled horsemanship.

One woman competitor is Mrs. Howard Foletta, of Buxton, Victoria.

Other Victorian competitors are Bert Jacobs, a Melbourne clerk, who is riding Comet, a much-decorated horse owned by Mrs. Margaret Miles, of Heidelberg, Victoria; well-known huntsman Stan Craddock, who is riding his fiancée's pony, Fuzzy Wuzzy; and Noble Pennell, who has won 45 consecutive flag races in the past two years with his pony Sun Burst.

Four well-known players from the Downs Polo Club are in the Queensland team: Three members, G. A. Bell, A. M. Cook, and J. M. Gilmore, have each brought three polo ponies with them, and the fourth member, T. J. Doyle, is competing with two.

## Racing in his blood

**W**HILE speedway rider Tom Batheol is screeching around the arena of the Daredevil Durkins sideshow in his racing car, his wife

is outside selling the tickets and trying not to bite her fingernails.

Tom has been in the game for 10 years, and has a brother, Norbert, who is a "straight wall" speedway rider.

"My wife doesn't like it, but she puts up with it," Tom said. "I couldn't do anything else now—I get in your blood—I would be bored driving a truck or a taxi."

He claims to be the only man who has looped the loop in a racing car. Last year he had an accident in the arena, but it hasn't made him nervous.

## An innovation

**F**OR the first time polocones is on the programme for the Royal Easter Show this year.

Four women's teams and four men's teams will compete in matches of three chukkas each. Two women's and two men's teams are from metropolitan area clubs. The others are from country clubs.

Crack Burradown women's team, which has not yet been beaten, hopes to retain its record.

## "What would this mother of 12 do without VELVET SOAP?"

"With 12 children aged from 2 to 24 years old, you can imagine the washing I have to do... and how I appreciate Velvet!"

writes Mrs. G. Cremer, 23 Kent Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

asks Aunt Jenny

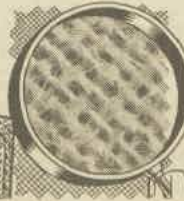


"Velvet is all the wonderful things Mrs. Cremer says about it, ladies," declares Aunt Jenny. "And here's the reason her clothes last longer, stay stronger."

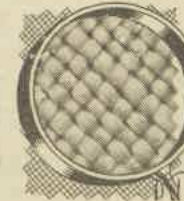
"I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU how Velvet makes clothes last in this family—it even amazes me!" says Mrs. Cremer. "Shirts, pants, blouses, frocks and undies—they're all years and years old and handed down again and again. And the materials stay so strong I can remake and alter to my heart's content."

Time in every morning Monday to Thursday "Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"

PURE VELVET SOAP



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soap lather.

V.145.65V



The tiny tots always insist on Velvet to wash their doll's clothes, too.



Mrs. Cremer wraps baby Christine in a spotless Velvet washed towel.





# It seems to me...

**P**ROWLING round the bookshelves in a friend's house on a recent wet Sunday, I found myself embroiled in an old copy of Nesfield's grammar.

Since then I cannot put finger to typewriter without uneasiness. Never having regarded this column as deathless prose, I have been inclined to take lightly the fact that I am hazy about gerunds and gerundive participles.

Once, when a reader wrote saying that he believed I had spelt a colloquialism wrongly—that the phrase should have been spelt "awake up," not "a wake-up"—I wrote him a light-hearted reply and forgot the matter.

But Nesfield, who strikes me as one of the grimmer grammarians, shows what can be the fate of the unwary journalist.

Enshrined in his pages are sentences which feckless newspaper men wrote at the end of the last century.

For instance, in the London "Daily Telegraph" on January 29, 1896, someone wrote: "To enable us to make the necessary arrangements, it is necessary for us to meet not later than noon on Friday, 21st current."

Did he dream that his sentence would live half a century as an example of inelegant diction? "Avoid using the same word twice in a different connection," says Nesfield sternly.

To be sure, in the exercise "Improve the euphony of the following sentences" you will find Swift in the company of the Middlesex "County Times."

But on the whole, though noted authors don't escape, I was in newspapers and magazines that Nesfield had the happy hunting ground.

I can't imagine that he ever read a newspaper in the usual manner, absorbing the news.

Rather, I think, he scanned them with the same enthusiasm as a botanist looking for rare specimens, garnering here a mixed metaphor, there a redundancy, and overleaf a mixed tense.

To use what Nesfield calls a vulgarism, it fair gives me the shudders.

**W**RITERS in Rumania are no longer encouraged to sit round chewing their fingernails and waiting for inspiration.

The Rumanian Ministry of Art and Information sent a message to a congress of Rumanian writers, telling them to produce this year 30 volumes of poetry, 50 novels, 30 volumes of short stories, 20 plays, and 120 volumes of critical essays.

British publishing figures show that fiction outnumbered essays and belles lettres each year by approximately nine to one. The statistics I saw lump poetry and drama together, but, even so, they total about one-fifth of the fiction.

A bookseller tells me that at a conservative estimate he sells a dozen novels to one book of poems.

All of which adds up to the fact that unless Rumanian writers differ greatly from British, the next thing the Rumanian Ministry of Information may have to do is issue an order telling people what to read.

Librarians, of course, may be all in favor of this.

"It doesn't matter what your mother likes," they can say sternly to the small girl sent with the library list, she's had her novel quota for the month. Take her those three books of essays, and don't come back tomorrow telling me she's finished them."

I foresee in Rumania a great run on brown paper—be used in concealing the Rumanian equivalents of "Forever Amber" under such titles as "Metaphysics for the Masses."

**C**OLLEGE of Engineering of the University of California has devised a technique for predicting the size and arrival times of waves generated by distant storms.

As Byron might have said:  
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,  
But don't think we haven't got a complete dossier of your movements in the files."

By



Dorothy Drain

**P**ARENTS won't be pleased with a suggestion made by the N.S.W. Minister for Local Government, Mr. Cahill.

Perturbed by the lack of attention paid domestic power rationing in Sydney, he suggested that representatives of electricity authorities go to the schools and talk to children, emphasising that parents should obey the regulations.

After helping a small boy recently with some mental arithmetic in short division (and being appalled to find myself momentarily under the impression that eight eights were fifty-six) I feel that children have enough to do without worrying about the sins of their parents.

Part of the job of schools should be to instil some general social conscience into children, but preferably in matters over which they themselves have some control.

When you start invading school time to tell children what their parents should do you risk causing confusion in the child's mind, and probably disension in the home.

**T**HE National Savings Scheme appears to be received by wage-earners with fair enthusiasm.

The idea of having a sum removed from the pay envelope and banked by an employer appeals to those who find their own path to the bank beset with temptation.

Judging by the number of people who ask how soon the money is available for use—and brighten visibly when told it is entered quarterly—some of the savings may not stay put very long.

A friend of mine wanted to know if she could have the money put in her cheque account, was a little damped when told no, it must go in a savings account. (A wise precaution, this, of the organisers.)

She cheered up no end when she found that money saved in the last quarter of the year was available on December 15.

Still, though many will fall by the quarterly wayside, the organisers doubtless hope that the proportion of cautious types bent on building themselves into capitalists will be worth while.

**T**HERE'S an old saying that Fate sends us walnuts when we have no teeth to crack them.

This dismal thought occurs to me now that the Sydney Royal Show is upon us.

I recall a time when certain sideshows were considered unsuitable for my youthful eyes—unedifying, even morbid.

Now I could go and see the lot—and make myself ill on fairyfloss for all anyone cares—alas, how tastes change with time.

**Y**OU can't keep up to date with some of these American girls.

Last week I mentioned that novelist Kathleen Winsor had had two husbands and two divorces.

After we went to press she announced that she was to be married a third time—to the lawyer who helped her win her divorce from band-leader Artie Shaw.

I hope the marriage lasts a few days, as I can't go on revising these statistics for ever.

**H**ARBORSIDE councils in Sydney have complained that rusty old warships at moorings spoil the harbor.

"We are old," said the warships, "our best days are past.

Though of youth our memories are tender; Unadmir'd in our age, we now know at last Why our pronouns are feminine gender."

**"I'm Fussy...."**  
that's why I prefer

**MUM**

(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)

Safe for Skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless.

Safe for Charm.

Mum stops underarm odor and gives sure protection all day or all evening.

Safe for Clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, too, Mum does not dry out in the jar and is easy to use, even after you're dressed.



M124

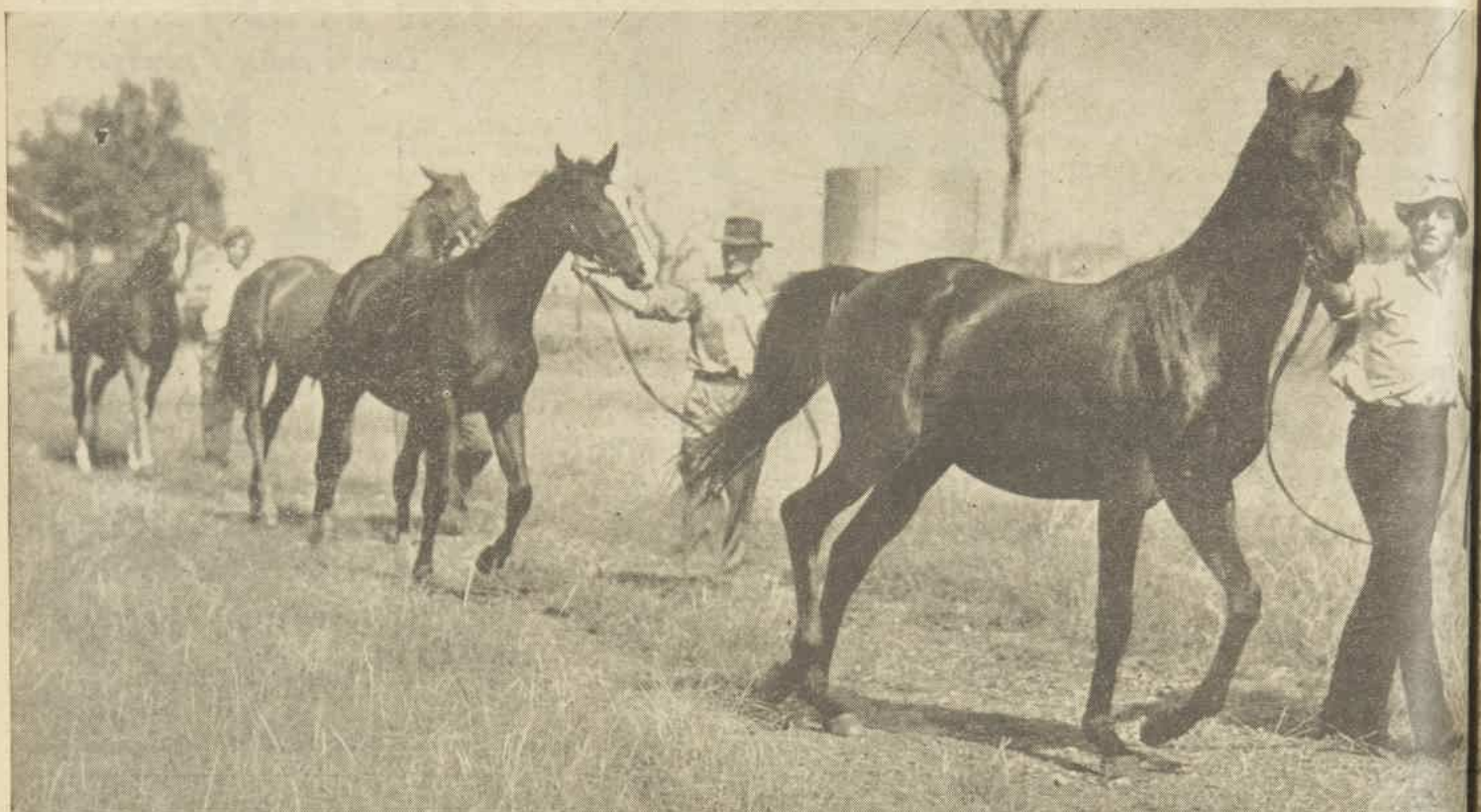
Tea never gave me a thrill...

L.103, R2W

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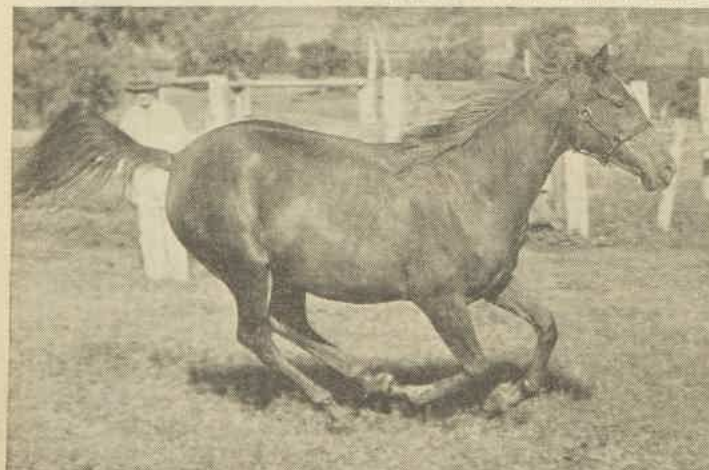
# YEARLINGS IN GREAT SHAPE FOR COMING SALES



PROGENY of noted sire Genetout are exercised at Aluinn Stud, Rosburgh, near Muswellbrook. They are among 640 yearlings listed for next week's yearling sales at Newmarket Stables, Randwick.



YEARLINGS eat as much natural grass as possible. They play together until two months before sales, when they are separated and treated for breaking in. They are sold when anything from 17 to 20 months old. This brown colt is by Genetout out of Anbeu.



THIS CHESTNUT FILLY, by Genetout out of Cineraria (imp.), is true blue blood. The carefully guarded yearlings are allowed a half-hour gallop daily in well-grassed paddock.

## Fillies are as popular as colts, now turf do provide rich races for them

By C. J. GRAVES, noted racing writer

Until 20 years ago a filly foal on a thoroughbred stud farm was as unpopular as a daughter in a Chinese family.

Its value was far below that of a colt because race-winning prospects were so low.

**B**UT times have changed. When 640 thoroughbred yearlings are offered next week for auction by William Inglis and Son Pty. Ltd. at their Newmarket stables in Sydney, fillies will be just as popular as colts with buyers.

In days gone by only outstanding fillies or mares such as Flight and De La Salle could measure strides with thoroughbred males.

But race club executives all over Australia have put the filly on an even earning capacity by providing innumerable races for her sex only.

Clubs in New South Wales and Victoria offer more than £100,000 in prize-money for races in which only two or three-year-old fillies may compete.

These bring the racing value of the filly to a higher level, and the result is seen in the bidding at yearling auctions.

It affords the opportunity for all fillies to earn their salt. Even the high-priced or four-figure buys can prove bargains.

Bought less than a year ago for 700 guineas, Sydney two-year-old Pantomime has already won £3419, while another filly, Vicerine, has brought in £2310.

In Victoria Lady Pirouette won £3500 and Adela £2400.

Occasionally a mare of the high standard of Flight or De La Salle is capable of beating colts and horses in outstanding events.

Flight cost 60 guineas and won £30,637 in stakes. De La Salle cost 110 guineas, has already won £11,173, and is "still going strong" towards

a £10,000 Sydney Cup victory and other rich returns.

In this year's Easter catalogue the colts predominate with 363 to 277 in a total of 640 lots. Both colts and fillies get a high rating from stock experts.

Vintage seasons in the breeding areas have given them the best physical development seen in yearlings for many sales.

Two fillies will be offered with the highest classic background. They are sisters to Derby winners Magnificent (1945) and Valiant Crown (1947).

### Great prospects

**A** FILLY with outstanding prospects of stamina for long classics is the bay by Genetout from Dawn Mary. Her grand-dam won the Adrian Knox Stakes, highest N.S.W. classic for a filly.

Her sire, Genetout, won over long distances, and another great stayer in the family is Dashing Cavalier, who succeeded in a Metropolitan and Sydney's longest weight-for-age races.

A half-sister to Le Petit Duc, who recently won a city race by 15 lengths, claims prolific relationship to speedy, high-class mares.

This is a filly by Genetout, sire of Caulfield Cup and weight-for-age champion Columnist, from Haul Coeur.

She is also half-sister to another recent winner, Shannon Rise, and her family embraces Hamurah, winner of Doncaster and Doomben Newmarket, Shading and Wattle,

two of the smartest named seasons.

The mother and grandmother of the yearling were winners of two-year-old races, and the tecedent, Lager, was a three-year-old filly at the top of a Derby winner's list.

Genetout is also the sire of fillies with the unusual quality of having English names.

War restrictions made them the last to be imported with stock to Australia in the 1940s.

It need hardly be said that England has been the source of thoroughbred quality for many years.

Upon her resources the world must draw to maintain local standards.

One of the fillies with the best parentage is a brown mare, who won races in England related to other prominent quality races there.

The other is a chestnut filly, Cineraria, who traces to one of England's best races of the century.

This filly is a sister of O Street, who won a race in event in such good style that she saved for quality events of Autumn Meeting.

A colt with an impressive record is by Sea Tonic, who won the Cameronian, won the Sydney Cup. The dam is Overseas, a sister to Emborough, sire of Emborough. Breeding recommendations as these could go further where in the world.

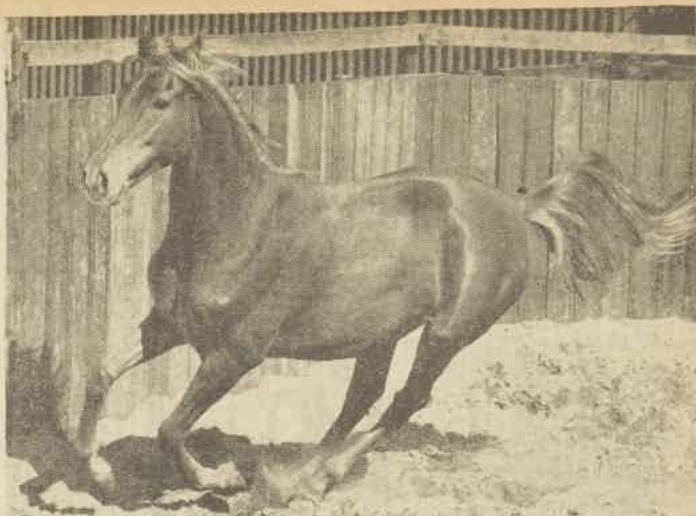
One of the newest and most interesting English stud catalogues is Chained, a limited opportunity in the years he won eight races straight to the stud list. Scoone, in N.S.W. He is a class yearling.

Channel Swell is by Papyrus, won £42,722 in prize-money. His mother is by a Derby winner, Papyrus. In addition to individual, and a successful career with a family of horses predicted for him.

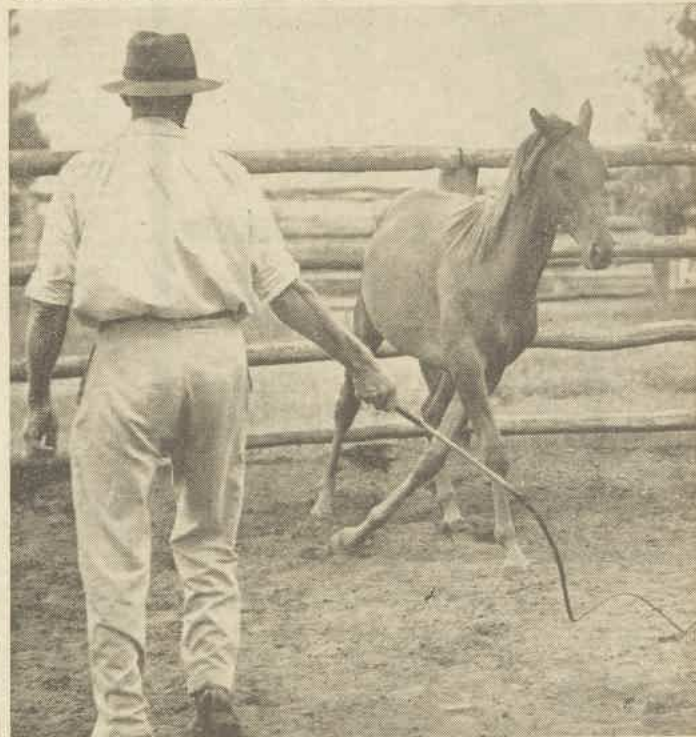




**BAY FILLY** by Felcrag (imp.) from Fair Melanie is groomed in stable at Navua Stud, Richmond, N.S.W. Yearlings' stables are cleaned out twice daily.



**DAILY EXERCISE** in sand yard pleases yearlings. Yard is round so yearlings cannot run into a corner or a post. This chestnut filly at Navua Stud is by Brinnawa from Favoured.



**STUD MANAGER**, Bert Bogan, cracks the whip at Alving Stud, and this chestnut filly by Genetout out of Port Dombey about-turns gracefully. Yearlings by fashionable sires usually bring top prices, and are all trained to look their best in saleyard.



**FRISKY BAY COLT** by White Ensign (imp.) out of Elfin Folk makes a handsome picture at Navua Stud.

**BY THE SAME SIRE** AS SHANNON AND BERNBROOK, this brown filly, by Midstream (imp.) out of Lady Kilmarry (imp.), may emulate success of other Midstream progeny. Bert Bogan leads her carefully.



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# Friday's Child

Continued from page 7

As the chaise pulled up in the small yard belonging to the one hostelry of any size, an ostler shouted for the first turnout. At the same moment, one of the windows of the chaise was let down, and Hero looked out, her eyes dancing in the mingled lantern and moonlight, her lips parted in a roguish smile.

"Of all the absurd, delightful starts!" she began, her voice quivering with amusement. "Then she broke off short as her gaze encountered, not Sherry's beloved features, but Mr. Tarleton's wholly unexciting countenance."

A look of startled dismay entered her face; the color receded from her cheeks; she uttered, in repulsive accents, one word only: "You!"

Mr. Tarleton had been prepared for maidenly indignation, but not for this, and he was slightly staggered. He stepped up to the chaise and said, looking up at the blanched face at the window: "But, my sweet love, whom else should it be?"

"Oh!" wailed Hero, her face puckering like a baby's. "Oh! I thought you were Sh-Sherry!"

Mr. Tarleton's brain reeled. "Thought I was whom?" he said numbly.

"My husband!" wept Hero, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, how could you play such a cruel trick on me!"

If the floor had heaved under Sherry's feet, the universe fairly rocked about the unfortunate Mr. Tarleton. "Your husband?" he repeated weakly.

Only heart-broken sobs answered him. He became aware of a post-boy at his elbow, and pulled himself together with an effort. "I beg of you, ma'am—! Pray, do not—! Here, you, what's the figure?"

The post-boy who had driven the chaise from Bath told him eighteen shillings, and Mr. Tarleton, anxious to be rid of him, dived a hand into his pocket.

It was then that he discovered that not only his purse, but his wallet also, was missing, and that all the loose cash he carried in the pockets of his breeches amounted only to six shillings and ninepence.

Never had he expected to regret so bitterly having hired his coach from an inn where his name was unknown! One glance at the post-boy's face was sufficient to inform him that he would not be permitted, without a most unseemly brawl, to travel upon "tick."

He was not even known at the inn. There was nothing for it but to turn to his weeping victim, and as he did it his sense of the ridiculous threatened to overcome more poignant emotions.

"My dear, pray do not cry so! I promise you I will set all to rights! The only thing is—Miss Wantage, it is the most absurd of predicaments to find oneself in, but I have been robbed of my purse, and here is this fellow expecting to be paid for his services. Are you able to lend me a guinea?"

Hero raised her head from the window-sill to reply: "Of course I am not! I have not my p-purse with me!"

"Oh!" muttered Mr. Tarleton. "Now we are in the basket!"

"I wish I were dead!" responded Hero.

"No, no don't do that! Heavens, what a coil! But how could I have guessed—My dear child, you cannot stay there! Do, pray, come down, and into the inn! Really, I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels!"

He mounted the steps, which the ostler had helpfully let down, and opened the door of the chaise, only to have his entrance to the vehicle hotly disputed by Pug. He recoiled exclaiming: "What possessed you to bring that creature?"

"It was your fault!" Hero said, from the folds of her handkerchief. She blew her nose defiantly. "I did not want to bring him, and oh, I thought it was just like Sherry to throw him in on top of me!"

"Don't pray don't begin to cry again!" implored the harassed Mr. Tarleton. "We shall have the whole stable-yard about us in a trice! Only come inside the house, and I will set all to rights!"

"No one can set all to rights, for I am utterly ruined!" declared Hero. "My husband was coming to dine with me, and I shall not be there, and he will never, never speak to

me again! And if he finds out this dreadful scrape you have put me into it will be worse than all the rest!"

Mr. Tarleton took her hand and helped her to alight from the chaise. "He shall not discover it. We will make up some tale that will satisfy him. But who—why—No, come into the inn, where we can be private! As for you, fellow, you must wait! Go into the tap-room and order yourself a glass at my expense! And here's a crown for you to keep your mouth shut!"

The post-boy pocketed this douceur, but warned his client not to try to lope off without paying him for the hire of his horses. Mr. Tarleton somewhat testily demanded to be told how he could do any such thing in his present pecuniary circumstances, and led Hero into the inn.

Here he peremptorily ordered the landlord to show the lady into a private parlor. When this had been done, and the landlord had rejoined him in the deserted coffee-room, he explained, with what assurance he could muster, that he had been robbed of his wallet and purse.

The landlord was civil, but palpably incredulous, so Mr. Tarleton haughtily said: "Here is my card, fellow!" Almost immediately after this he was obliged to correct himself.

"No, curse it, that's gone with the rest! But my name is Tarleton—of Frensham Hall, near Swinwick! You will have heard of it! I am escorting a—a friend to Wells—at least, I was doing so, but it so chances that she has discovered that she has left behind her in Bath a most important—er—package, and we are obliged to return there with what speed we can muster." He swallowed hard.

"Do me the favor of paying off that post-boy—or no! Better still, let one of your own boys or their cads lead the horses back, and let my post-boy drive us back to Bath with a fresh pair! You and he may thus be assured of receiving your money. Meanwhile—"

THE landlord, who had been thinking, interrupted at this point. "Begging your honor's pardon, if you live at Frensham Hall, how do you come to be travelling to Wells in a hired chaise?"

"What has that to do with you, fellow?" said Mr. Tarleton, coloring in spite of himself.

"I don't know as how it has aught to do with me, sir, but what I was thinking was that it seems a queer set-out to me that a gentleman wishful to travel only to Wells wouldn't drive in his own carriage—ah, and at a more seasonable time o' day, what's more! Not being wishful to give offence, sir, you understand."

"I am well known in Bath," Mr. Tarleton said stiffly. "Yes, and they know me at the Old Down Inn, so you may satisfy yourself only by sending to enquire there if a Mr. Tarleton has ever changed horses with them."

"Yes, and when I've sent one of my boys a mile and a half up the road to make them enquiries, who's to say you are this Mr. Tarleton?" retorted the landlord. "And if you're so well known in Bath, how comes it that post-boy don't seem to reckonise your honor?"

Mr. Tarleton had the greatest difficulty in maintaining his control over his temper.

But he managed, after a most wearing argument, to persuade the landlord to have a fresh pair harnessed to the chaise, and to prevail upon the post-boy who had brought him from Bath to take him back there as soon he should have had time to refresh himself.

Mr. Tarleton then gave up his gold timepiece and his signet-ring as pledges, ordered coffee to be sent immediately to the parlor, and made haste to rejoin Hero.

He found her seated by the fire, clasping Pug in her arms, and looking the picture of tragedy. Such a look of reproach did she cast upon him as he entered the room that he exclaimed: "How could I tell? I thought you would like it! And when you kissed me—Was there ever such a hideous coil?"

Please turn to page 27

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# H

HERO was eyeing Mr. Tarleton with extreme distaste. She said stiffly, "I cannot imagine why you should suppose that I should want you to run off with me! And to bring this horrid little dog, too!"

"But, my dear, surely you were aware that I have been head over ears in love with you these weeks past!"

Her face showed him plainly that she had been aware of no such circumstance. "In love with me? But you might be my—I mean—I mean—"

"No, I might not!" he said, nettled. "Set your father, if that is what you were about to say! But how came you to be living with Lady Selbach, under the name of Miss Wastage? Who is your husband? Do I know him? Is he in Bath now?"

"Yes, oh, yes! He came there in search of me, because we had had a dreadful quarrel, and I ran away from him, only I never knew it, and I thought he came on Miss Milborne's account, and that is why—Oh, he must not find out what has happened to-night! It is much, much worse than all the other scrapes I was in!"

"But who is he?" said Mr. Tarleton. An appalling thought dawned on him. With the grimmest foreboding, he asked: "Not—I do devoutly trust!—not the ferocious young gentleman of the Pump Room?"

"He is not ferocious!" replied Hero, flushing indignantly. "He is the dearest and best person in the world! It was just that he was in a very bad temper, because I went off with you! And when I think that he called Lord Wrotham out, only for kissing me once, I am afraid he will be in a much worse one if this should come to his ears! Oh, I do hope there may be some way of preventing his discovering it!"

"Indeed, so do I!" said Mr. Tarleton frankly. "In fact, to be honest with you, my dear, my knees are already knocking together so that I wonder you do not hear them!"

She was obliged to smile at this, but relapsed almost immediately into gloom. "It doesn't signify. What must he think when he finds no one in Camden Place at seven o'clock! Oh, do you not see that he will suppose I did not wish to meet him, and he will be so hurt, and so angry, and how can I ever explain that it was not my fault? I am utterly undone!"

# Friday's Child

Continued from page 26

"Let me think!" begged Mr. Tarleton, sitting down by the table and clasping his head between his hands. "You have set my brain in such a whirl! You could not tell him that you had gone to dine with some friends, I suppose?"

"No, I couldn't!" said Hero, quite crossly. "He was coming particularly to see me, and oh, we were to have had buttered crab, and a neat's tongue with c-cauliflowers!"

Mr. Tarleton looked somewhat taken aback by this, and suggested feebly that such mundane considerations were of small consequence.

"It is Sherry's favorite dinner!" Hero explained tragically.

"Well, never mind!" said Mr. Tarleton. "You will be able to give him many such dinners, I dare say, and really, my child, at a moment like this to be vexing yourself over—"

"No, I shan't, because he will be so angry that he will utterly cast me off, and I shall be left upon the world with only this odious little dog and a canary to love!"

"My dear Miss— I mean, my dear Lady Sheringham, I feel certain that your husband would not use you with such undeserved harshness! Do, I entreat you—"

"Yes, he would!" averred Hero, wiping her eyes with a very damp handkerchief. "Any husband would, after such a scrape as this!"

"Upon my word of honor, I assure you the man who could do so would be the veriest Monster!"

Hero instantly took exception to such a term being applied to her beloved Sherry, and Mr. Tarleton was only rescued from a morass of retractions and attempted explanations by the entrance of the waiter bearing the coffee he had ordered.

While the waiter slowly and carefully arranged the cups on the table, he left the door into the adjoining coffee-room ajar. Sounds betokening some fresh arrivals to the inn reached the ears of the couple in the parlor.

A voice which made Hero stiffen in her chair said with something less than its usual suavity: "Be so good as to show us to a private parlor, and to send up some refreshment for this lady! There has been an accident to my carriage, and we have been obliged to walk to this place."

The landlord began to say that his only private room had been bespoken already, but he was inter-

rupted by a fresh voice, glacial with arctic rage, but even better known to Hero.

"I shall be glad of a cup of hot coffee—hot, if you please—but I prefer to drink it here, in your public room; and while I am doing so I shall be obliged to you if you will have horses harnessed to a chaise to convey me instantly to Bath."

Hero gave a gasp and sat bolt upright in her chair, round-eyed with astonishment. The landlord was heard to explain apologetically that he kept only one chaise, which was out on hire at the moment.

"I do not care what kind of a vehicle I ride in, but a vehicle I must and will have!" announced Miss Milborne. "Whose is the chaise standing in your yard, pray?"

"It is hired by the party in the parlor, ma'am. Indeed, I have nothing to offer but my own gig, and it would not be suitable!"

"I thank you, it will do excellently, if you will be so good as to hire it to this—this gentleman!" said Miss Milborne in bitter accents.

## T

HE waiter, having arranged the table to his satisfaction, withdrew at this point and closed the door behind him. To Mr. Tarleton's surprise, Hero rose up from her chair, pushing Pug from her lap as she did so, and tiptoed to the door and tried to peep through the keyhole.

She could see very little, so she set her ear to the crack instead and listened with an intent face to what was going on in the coffee-room.

When Mr. Tarleton would have asked what in the world she was about, she lifted an imperative finger and hissed: "Sh!"

Apparently the landlord had withdrawn to carry out Miss Milborne's orders, for Sir Montagu's voice was clearly heard.

"Now, my dearest Miss Milborne," he said, "let me assure you that you are entirely mistaken! Come, do not let us quarrel! The most unavoidable and unfortunate accident—"

"If you attempt to lay a finger upon me, sir, I shall scream at the top of my lungs!" interrupted Miss Milborne.

"But my dear ma'am, only listen to me! I should not dream of touching you! But—"

"No! And no doubt you did not

dream of trying to force your most unwelcome caresses upon me, and mauling me in your arms as though I had been the sort of vulgar wretch you are plainly accustomed to dealing with!" retorted Miss Milborne. "No doubt, too, you would have been so obliging as to have unhanded me without the inducement of a pin's being stuck into you!"

At this Hero's eyes began to dance.

"If, Sir Montagu was saying, 'if, in the intoxication of finding myself alone in the presence of one for whom I cherish the most passionate devotion, the most—'"

"I beg you will spare me any more of these transports!" said Miss Milborne. "If passionate devotion led you to suggest to me that since we were stranded in so remote a hamlet there was no help for it but for me to become betrothed to you, I can only trust that I may never encounter such devotion again!" Her voice was hard with anger.

"I do not know by what means you may have contrived the accident to your carriage, but I am no longer in any doubt as to why you were so desirous of driving me back to Bath by another route than the post-road! You sought, sir, to entrap me into marriage with you, since you were aware that you had no hope of winning my hand by more gentlemanly methods."

Hero, who had listened to this speech with a rapt look of concentrated thought on her face, now left the door and ran to Mr. Tarleton's side.

"I am saved!" she whispered joyfully. "It is Isabella Milborne, and the most odious man imaginable! I know she will help me out of this tangle! And she may drive back with me in the chaise. Do you remain in this room, Mr. Tarleton, while I arrange it all!"

"But Lady Sheringham, consider a moment!" he said urgently. "Are you sure—"

"Yes, yes, and in any event, how could I leave poor Isabella to Sir Montagu's mercy?"

"From what I have been privileged to hear, I should judge poor Isabella to be very well able to protect her virtue!" said Mr. Tarleton dryly.

"Yes, was it not famous to hear her giving him such a setdown? She is a most spirited girl! But it cannot be very comfortable for her, I dare say! Pray hold Pug's leash, dear sir!"

# M

R. TARLETON, on whom the events of the evening were beginning to leave their mark, accepted the leash meekly, and, with some misgiving, watched his companion open the door and walk into the coffee-room.

Miss Milborne, who was standing by the fireplace, holding one foot, in a mired half-boot, to the glow, turned her head and exclaimed in astonishment, "Hero!"

"Yes," said Hero, with the sunniest of smiles. "Poor Isabella, how muddled you are, and how odious for you to be in such a fix! Do, pray, come into the parlor! There is not the least need for you to hire the landlord's gig, for I will escort you back to Bath in my chaise!"

"But how is this?" stammered Miss Milborne, in the greatest bewilderment. "How in the world do you come to be here, and at such an hour? Oh, Hero, what fresh scrapes have you fallen into?"

"Well, I must say, Isabella, I think it is the outside of enough for you to be accusing me of being in a scrape, when you are in a much worse one yourself!" said Hero. "I cannot conceive how you come to be driving about the country with Sir Montagu Revesby, for I am sure it is not at all the thing!"

"Sir Montagu and I," said Miss Milborne, coloring, "have been on an expedition to Wells, in company with some friends of mine!"

"Well, where are they?" asked Hero reasonably. "You must know, Isabella, that I overheard all that has just passed between you and Sir Montagu, and, although I quite see that it was not your fault that there was an accident to his carriage, there is no denying that you are in an awkward situation."

"You may say what you please, but I am persuaded there is one person whom you would not wish to hear of this! For you are not so heartless as to give him such pain! I know you are not!"

Miss Milborne, who was tired, and cold, and more shaken than she had allowed to appear, felt sudden tears sting her eyelids, and covered her face with her hands, saying in a trembling tone: "Oh, Hero, do not! Pray say no more!"

Hero ran to her at once. "Oh, I am sorry! Do not cry, dearest Isabella! I did not mean to hurt you, indeed, I did not!"

Please turn to page 28

## BREAKFAST at the HARVEST





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Just suck two Rennies, one by one,  
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IN his silkiest voice, Sir Montagu said: "Very affecting, Lady Sheringham! And pray, where is your husband? Not here, I fancy! In fact, he has not been over-much in your company of late, I apprehend! You have been a most determined enemy of mine, have you not? I wonder if you will live to regret it! Do you know, I almost believe that you may?"

He added, measuring his words: "Is it too much to hope that we may be permitted a glimpse of the gentleman who is no doubt concealed in that private parlour?"

"No!" said Mr. Tarleton from the doorway. "It is not too much, sir! And with these words, he landed a useful right on Sir Montagu's jaw, and sent him crashing to the floor."

"Get up, and I will serve you a little more!" he promised, standing over Sir Montagu with his fists clenched.

Sir Montagu had had a trying day. He had failed both by fair means and foul to win an heiress' hand in marriage; he had had a business-like scarf-pin thrust into the fleshy part of his arm.

He had been obliged to tramp three miles down muddy lanes beside a girl who maintained a stony silence throughout the trudge, and the yokel whom she had bribed to guide them to the nearest posting-inn; he had been confronted then by the very person to whom he attributed the greater part of his misfortunes.

Finally, he had been knocked down painfully and ignominiously by a complete stranger who seemed to be only too ready to repeat the performance. Between rage and the natural fright of a man to whom physical violence was at all times horrible, he lost his head.

His walking-stick had clattered to the floor, with the chair across which he had laid it, and which he had wildly clutched in his fall. He reached out his hand for it, dragged himself up, and, as Mr. Tarleton squared up to him purposefully, tore the concealed blade from its innocent-seeming sheath and thrust at his assailant.

Mr. Tarleton was just too late to avoid being touched. He saw the thrust coming, and dodged it, so that instead of entering his chest, it tore through the sleeve of his coat and gashed his upper arm.

The next instant he had closed with Sir Montagu, twisted the sword-stick from his grasp, and floored him again. After that, he stood panting, and instinctively trying to grip his own arm to stop the blood which was flowing.

Hero and Isabella who had been transfixed with dismay by these proceedings, started forward.

"Shame!" cried Isabella, her eyes flashing magnificently. "To draw steel upon an unarmed man!"

"Oh, poor Mr. Tarleton!" said Hero. "And you did it all for my sake! Pray, let me help you to take off your coat immediately! Oh, landlord, is that not just like you? Be so good as to bring me some water in a bowl as quickly as you can, and some brandy! And the rest of you go away, if you please!"

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Tarleton faintly, becoming aware of the landlord, the waiter, an ostler, two post-boys, and a chambermaid. "What have I done! My curst folly! But when I heard him address you in such terms I could not help myself!"

"No, no, of course you could not!" said Hero, tenderly rolling up his shirt-sleeve and laying bare an ugly gash. "Oh, we must have a surgeon to this! Landlord—Oh, he has gone! One of you, if you please, run for the nearest apothecary!"

"For heaven's sake, no!" begged Mr. Tarleton from the chair into which he had been lowered. "The merest scratch! If you would but hand me one of those napkins, and assist me to twist it tightly about my arm!"

Isabella, who had been hunting in her reticule, produced a pair of scissors and began, with the aid of these, to tear a napkin into strips. Sir Montagu, appalled as much by his late madness as by

## Friday's Child

Continued from page 27

the frightful consequences he saw clearly might result from it, had picked himself up and staggered to the far end of the room, holding a fast-swelling jaw and trying to think in what way he could avert retribution.

The landlord came back with a bowl of water, and sharply ordered his hirelings to be off about their business. The waiter put a glass of brandy to Mr. Tarleton's lips.

The landlord, thoroughly incensed by such irregular conduct in his house, dealt expeditiously with the wound, but stated his intention of summoning the village constable to take up both combatants.

He was just adding a rider to the effect that the magistrates would know how to deal with so-called gentlemen who tried to cheat honest post-boys out of their fees, when the clatter of hooves sounded in the yard, and the grating of wheels on cobblestones.

An impatient voice called out: "Hi, there! Ostler! Ostler, I say!"

"Sherry!" shrieked Hero, and flew up from beside Mr. Tarleton's chair and sped forth into the corridor which led to the yard. "Sherry, Sherry!"

His lordship had just sprung down from his curicle. He saw his wife in the shaft of lamplight cast through the open door, and strode towards her.

"Oh, Kitten, thank heaven I have found you!" he exclaimed, holding out his arms. "You mustn't do this."

could say the same! But it wasn't until after I had married you that I grew to love you so! What a fellow I am! But I found out when you ran away from me how dearly I loved you! You won't get the chance to run from me again, I can tell you!"

She laid her cheek against his heart. "Oh, and I have been so troublesome! And now this shocking scrape! I thought you would utterly cast me off!"

"It was my fault! All my fault!" he said vehemently.

Ferdie coughed apologetically. "Told you it was a mistake, Sherry, dear old boy! No wish to disturb you, but there are a couple of post-boys peeping at you round the corner of the stable door."

"Let 'em peep!" said his lordship, but he tucked Hero's hand in his arm, and walked slowly into the inn with her. "Where's this fellow, Tarleton? You little fiend, nicely you must have gammoned him! Dashed if I'm not sorry for the poor devil! But what the deuce did he mean by running off with you like that?"

"Oh, Sherry, I am much afraid it may have been because of something very foolish which I once said to him!" confessed Hero guiltily.

He gave a shout of laughter. "I might have known it! Lord, it was seeing your last hope come first past the post to be pulling you out of a scrape again, brat!"

"Well, I am excessively relieved to hear you say so, Sherry, because to tell you the truth, it is a worse scrape than you know. In fact, it is quite shocking and the landlord says he will give us up to the constable; but perhaps if you will be so obliging as to pay the reckoning for poor Mr. Tarleton he may relent. He had all his money stolen from him, you see—"

"I know he had," groaned Sherry. "Jason forked him! That's how I managed to catch you."

"Oh, how clever of Jason!" Hero cried. "We must give him a handsome present!"

They had by this time reached the end of the passage which led to the coffee-room. Mr. Tarleton had succeeded in getting rid of the landlord, but to the Viscount's room seemed strangely full of people.

His astonished gaze took in first Miss Milborne, then Sir Montagu Revere, and lastly Pug, who, having been sleeping sternly before the parlour fire throughout the late proceedings, had just saddled into the coffee-room, and now greeted his lordship with a wheezy bark.

It was characteristic of the Viscount that his mind was instantly diverted from the stirring events of the day. He stared with regularity at Pug, and demanded: "Weren't you that come from?"

"Oh, I brought him!" replied Hero happily. "It's Pug!"

"I know. But why did you bring him?" Sherry asked. "Can't see what you can possibly have wanted with a dog when you were eloped?"

"No, and I did not in the least mean to bring him, but I was taking him for an airing when Mr. Tarleton abducted me, and somehow he got into the chaise too. Oh, Sherry, this is Mr. Tarleton!"

Mr. Tarleton had risen rather unsteadily to his feet, and now said with as much dignity as he could muster, "Lord Sheringham, if I may have only one word with you alone, I fancy I can explain everything to your satisfaction!"

"Oh, you don't have to do that!" Sherry responded cheerfully, shaking hands with him. "I don't blame you for running off with my wife; did the same thing myself! Come to think of it, you owed me one, for it was my Tiger forked your wallet and purse. Hallo, you're hurt! How is this?"

Ferdie nudged his cousin. "Know what I think, Sherry? Been a regular turn-up. If someone bit Monty it's a good thing! Don't like him. Never have."

Please turn to page 29



my little love! I can't let you!"

Hero ran straight into his arms and flung her own round his neck. "No, no, Sherry! I never meant to do it!" she sobbed. "I thought it was you, not Mr. Tarleton!"

"Oh, Kitten, if that isn't just like you!" he said unsteadily. "It ought to have been me! And if I hadn't been such a gudgeon—Kitten, you little wretch, what a dance you have led me! Kiss me!"

The Honorable Ferdie Fakenham, observing with intense interest the passionate embrace being exchanged by two persons who appeared to be wholly oblivious of their surroundings, descended from the curicle, and with great dignity made the equally interested Jason lead the horses into the stable, and see them well rubbed down.

By the time this order had been reluctantly obeyed, Sherry was drying his wife's wet cheeks with his handkerchief, and Hero was smiling up into his softened face. "But, Sherry, how did you know?"

"Jason saw you. I thought—I was afraid it was because I had given you such a dislike of me that you could not bear even to speak to me! I felt like blowing my brains out!"

"Oh, Sherry, no! How could I dislike you? I have loved you all my life!"

"Kitten, Kitten!" he said, folding her in his arms again, "I wish I



# S

SHERRY turned to look at Revesby, his face hardening. "I was forgetting that scoundrel was here!" he said. "By Jove, you're right, Percy! Someone's landed him a facer at last! Take a look at his jaw!"

Percy nodded approvingly. "Dashed if this fellow, Tarleton, isn't a regular right one! Very obedient servant, sir! Happy to have met you!"

"Yes, but wait a bit!" Sherry said, his gaze taking in the unsheathed sword and Mr. Tarleton's arm. "Something devilish queer about this! What's that sword-stick doing there? You don't mean to say—?"

"Ask Sir Montagu!" said Miss Milborne. "Ask him to tell you how he drew steel upon an unarmed man!"

"He did?" said Percy. "Well, of all things! You hear that, Sherry? Told you he was a Bad Man!"

"I've known that any time these past three months! What I want to know is why he drew steel, and what he got that facer for! And another thing I may as well know, while I'm about it—not that I care much, but it'll save trouble, I dare say—la what the pair of you are doing here at this hour of night!"

Miss Milborne promptly favored him with an exact account of her share in the evening's adventures. The Viscount remained unmoved.

"Well, I warned you not to go off with him, Bella," he said. "Might have guessed he would be up to some mischief. Dashed if it doesn't serve you right! A rare dud, you have kicked up, and all to spite George, if I know anything of the matter! But that don't tell me how he came to have a set-to with Tarleton!"

"Oh, Mr. Tarleton very kindly knocked him down, because he said such horrid things to me!" explained Hero blithely. "Oh, that was it, was it?" said his lordship, a martial light in his eye. "I'm much in your debt, Tarleton! And what, my buck, did you say to Lady Sheringham before I choked it out of your lying throat?"

Sir Montagu, retreating, said hoarsely: "You will regret it if you touch me, Sheringham! If the events of this night were to become known—"

"No, Sherry!" exclaimed Percy, seeing his cousin's arm, and clinging to it desperately. "Promised you wouldn't get into a miff! Won't do a bit of good! Got to stop the fellow's mouth!"

# Friday's Child

Continued from page 28

"I'll stop his mouth so that he'll never open it again!" said Sherry savagely. "Percy, let go! I'm going to tear him limb from limb, and if there's anything left of him by the time I've done with him—"

"Not in front of ladies, dear boy! Shocking bad ton! Besides, it ain't necessary. George wants his blood, and dash it, why shouldn't he have it? Do him good, poor fellow! Put a bit of heart into him!"

"If there is to be any more fighting, I shall have the vapors, and so I warn you!" declared Miss Milborne. "I am sure I have had more to bear at Sir Montagu's hands than Hero, and if I am satisfied I do not know why you should not be, Sherry!"

She turned to Sir Montagu. "If, sir, you should be so unwise as to open your lips on the subject of this night's adventures, I shall have something to tell the world also! I imagine you would not care to have it generally known that you drew your sword on an unarmed man!"

Sherry shook his cousin off. "Revesby," he said, eyeing Sir Montagu with a measuring glance. "I'd like to have the chance to pay off a certain score with you, but I fancy Percy's right, and it ain't necessary. Wrotham is searching for you, and he's likely to fetch up here at any minute. You're a dead man, Revesby!"

"George is searching for me?" said Miss Milborne faintly. "Oh, good heavens!"

"Went off in one of his pets as soon as he heard you wasn't home," said Percy. "Said he'd call on Revesby to answer for his villainy. Suddenly his face clouded."

"All the same, Sherry," he went

on, "not sure it is such a good thing, now I come to think of it. Don't want George to be obliged to fly the country. Tell you what; let Monty go before George arrives! Pity, in some ways, but there it is!"

Sherry had raised his head, and was listening to an unmistakable sound. "Too late!" he said, with a little laugh. "Lay you any money this is George!"

So, indeed, it proved to be. A bare couple of minutes later George came striding into the coffee-room, with Mr. Ringwood at his heels. He checked on the threshold.

"Sherry!" he ejaculated. "You here? What the—Kitten!"

Mr. Ringwood put up his glass. "Well, upon my word!" he said, mildly astonished. "Devilish queer place to run into you people! Your very obedient Kitten."

Hero clasped his hands tightly.

"Dear G! I am so glad to see you again! I have been in such a scrape! I was carried off by poor Mr. Tarleton there, quite by mistake; and Isabella got into a scrape too, through Sir Montagu Revesby; but then Sherry came, and everything is all right and tight—I mean, everything has ended happily!"

Lord Wrotham, fastening on to the one point in this ingenious explanation which concerned him, looked round for his quarry, perceived him, and said: "Ah!"

Sir Montagu, a perfectly ghastly smile writhing on his lips, said: "Lady Sheringham mistakes—I can explain—the most lamentable accident—"

"Yes?" said George, stripping off his driving-gloves, taking them in his right hand, and advancing upon Sir Montagu. "You got Miss Milborne into a scrape, and you fancy you can explain it, do you? Not to my satisfaction, Revesby!"

"No, you don't, George!" suddenly said Mr. Ringwood, grasping his lordship's right wrist. "By the looks of it, someone's been before you! Let be, man, let be!"

"G! if you don't let me go—I've been wanting an excuse to call that fellow out these two months, and if you think you or anyone else can stop me now I've got it!"

"George!" said Miss Milborne compellingly.

# L

turned swiftly from the cowering Sir Montagu to Isabella Milborne.

"George," she said again, looking rather pale, but meeting his gaze squarely. "If you call him out, I will not marry you!"

"Isabella!" uttered his lordship, trembling. "Do you mean—can you mean—?"

Mr. Ringwood let him go, but not before he had thoughtfully removed the gloves from his suddenly slackened grasp.

"Oh, George, for heaven's sake, take me home!" begged Miss Milborne, her admirably modulated voice breaking. "I'm so tired, and hungry, and I never cared a rap for that odious man, no, nor for Severn either, or Sherry, or anyone save yourself, and I'm sure I don't know why I care for you, for you are just as odious as any of them, only I do, and I will marry you to-morrow, if you like!"

"If I like!" said his lordship thickly, and enveloped her in a crushing embrace.

Mr. Ringwood, observing his attention to be distracted from Sir Montagu, touched that pallid gentleman on the shoulder, and nodded towards the door.

"Have you let that fellow go?" George demanded, turning his head.

"Yes, but really it is much better that he should go," said Hero soothingly. "For if you were to shoot him you would have to leave the country, and then you could not marry Isabella. And now I'm so happy, I want everyone else to be too."

Her eyes lit up; and she turned impulsively towards Sherry.

"Oh, Sherry, our marriage won't be just a marriage of convenience now, will it? It'll be real—I mean, we—"

"Yes," said his lordship hastily. "Yes, Kitten, but don't let's talk about it now."

"Bad ton!" explained Percy kindly. "That fellow Tarleton present; very tolerable sort of a fellow, but almost a stranger! Talk it over later!"

"You won't!" said his lordship forcibly.

"Eh?" said Percy. "Good heavens! No, so I won't!"

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# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar lived as a boy. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who is excited when the ship reaches Sandan, capital of the kingdom. **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** An unpleasant young man, is a contrast to his father, the kindly

**SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** When Mandrake chastises Prince Adem for annoying Narda, the Prince plans revenge. The Jason reaches the village of the Riombi Federation, which Lothar's father ruled. Lothar is welcomed home with great ceremony, but finds all the young people have been stolen by the Singing Devils. NOW READ ON:

As I Read  
the  
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

"FOLLOW ME, WE WILL BRING THEM BACK!" ROARS LOTHAR. BUT ALL ARE AFRAID OF THE "SINGING DEVILS."



PRINCE ADEM'S SPY RETURNS TO THE PALACE, TO TELL THE FOPISSH PRINCE THAT THE JASON IS AT THE RIOMBI VILLAGE. "GOOD WORK," SAYS ADEM, SMILING EVILLY.



THAT NIGHT, MANDRAKE AND NARDA GO FOR A MOON-LIGHT SWIM IN THE WARM RIVER. "WHO--OR WHAT ARE THE SINGING DEVILS?" SHE ASKS--"DON'T KNOW. THEY SOUND LIKE SLAVE RAIDERS," SAYS MANDRAKE.



"POOR LOTHAR IS AWFULLY UNHAPPY," SAYS NARDA. "HIS TRIBE IS BROKEN, AND THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO ABOUT IT." "WE MAY INVESTIGATE THESE RAIDERS," SAYS MANDRAKE, THOUGHTFULLY.



SUDDENLY, IN THE SOFT NIGHT, WEIRD SINGING AND HOOFF BEATS ARE HEARD. THE RIOMBI RUN IN CONFUSION! "THE SINGING DEVILS!" THEY CRY.



SINGING A WILD, BLOOD-CURDLING SONG, THE HORSEMEN SWEEP INTO THE TERRIFIED VILLAGE LIKE A PLAGUE! THE SINGING DEVILS!



TO BE CONTINUED

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Go ahead this week with full confidence and initiative. April 13 and 14 prove mentally exhilarating with unexpected benefits on April 16. Best days of month are April 17 and 18, when success crowns most of your efforts. A most enjoyable Easter for you.

**TAURUS** (April 22 to May 21): A lucky week to plan and arrange matters that have been held in abeyance. Bright ideas originate on April 13 and 14. Quick action brings success on April 16, 17, and 18. See your plans concluded in a most satisfactory way. A very happy holiday period.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Many of your hopes and wishes will be realized this week. Choose April 14 and 16 for successful travel, writing, or business. On April 17 and 18 new friendships, or unexpected gains from those dear to you are possible. A journey is indicated.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Expect success in your business or professional life on April 13, 14, and 18. Some new social activity brings pleasure. On April 17 and 18 a lift in prestige or some new honor is indicated. Make plans for a successful Easter.

**LEO** (July 24 to Aug. 23): A good week to achieve recognition. April 13, 14, and 16 find your affairs expanding in all directions. Government or educational business will turn out well, and travel or distant matters can bring gain on April 17 and 18.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Business and finance aspects are bright this week. Choose April 13 and 14 for successful deals. Unexpected benefits will turn up on April 16. For some there will be a legacy. On April 17 and 18 you tend to spend freely but with happy results.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24 to Oct. 23): You will be popular this week, and can expect to enjoy yourself on April 13, 14, and 16. Many will become engaged to marry, while others will benefit through some partnership or tie. April 17 and 18 are the happiest days.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Much progress can be made on April 13, 14, and 16. Work will become more interesting or a new job will be in the offing. Watch for a rise or some good luck. Health will greatly improve with some change over the holidays.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Your week for speculation or new enterprises. Choose April 13 and 14 for creative work. A pleasant surprise marks April 16, and April 17 and 18 bring many pleasures.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): The whole week most progressive. Expect some favorable decisions in matters relating to home or property. Choose April 13, 14 and 16 for clinching deals, and get ready for some enjoyable change or holiday, for April 17 and 18 are your brightest days.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): This week helps you to attract the goodwill of others. April 13, 14, and 16 find your mind bright and full of new ideas. April 17 and 18 bring some happy news or invitation, which will result in an enjoyable week-end.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20 to Mar. 20): Choose this week to augment your finances, for luck meets you on all sides. April 13, 14, and 16 are favorable for contracts and business. April 17 and 18 find you in your happiest moods.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—April 16, 1949

Everyone reads thrillers — the cream of thrillers appears each month in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.



# Americans preparing new film about Australia

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

NEW star Jean Peters gets the best break of her career with the leading role in "The Australian Story," one of the year's top feature films at Fox, for Robert Bassler.

The producer of "The Snake Pit," Martin Berkeley, is writing the script, planned as a cavalcade of the Australian bush and of city life in Australia.



WILLIAM HOLDEN and his actress wife, Brenda Marshall, have their hands full in keeping their children's toys in working order during the week-ends at home. The Holdens have three children.

VICTOR MATURE is still pestering Fox officials for a chance to play the prized title role in "Zapata," the story of a Mexican revolutionary leader.

MICKEY ROONEY'S independent production outfit has borrowed Barbara Bates from Warners to play the part of Rooney's girl-friend in "Quicksand," filming of which has started. Director is Irving Pichel.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will be 21 on April 23. She will get a comedy-drama part in "Always Sweethearts" as her first picture on the Selznick loan to Warners. Lon McCallister will be the leading man, and Barry Fitzgerald will have a featured role.

RICHARD WIDMARK, who scored heavily as a baby-faced menace in early films, then switched to sympathetic roles in "Down To the Sea in Ships" and "Slattery's Hurricane," is back to tough-meanie roles in Fox's "Wildcat." The story is about the discovery of oil in a small Californian town and the sociological effect on the community.

DON'T be surprised if Betty Grable and Harry James team to do a Mr. and Mrs. Radio show. They've just been offered almost a million dollars to accept such a deal.

TURHAN BEY, Andrea King, and Kurt Kreuger will walk behind footlights in Tucson, Arizona, to take over the top roles in the stage production of "Candlelight."

TOP feminine role in Paramount's "I Married a Dead Man" goes to Barbara Stanwyck, giving the star her most spectacular acting assignment since her recent dramatic work in Hal Wallis' "Sorry, Wrong Number."

DANNY KAYE will pocket a tidy ten thousand dollars when he does a one-night personal appearance at a Canadian theatre this spring.

THE biggest engineering feat of its type attempted on a motion picture studio lot was achieved during the filming of the Alan Ladd Western, "Whispering Smith." Fifty men constructed a full-scale, functional railroad centre, which included laying some 1800 feet of standard track, plus the construction of an engine-house, machine shop, two railroad stations, division office, foreman's office, railroad stockyard with loading platform, freight house, and water tank. All the buildings were copied from actual photographs made in 1890, the time in which the technicolor thriller is set.

A FEW years ago Jimmy Cagney left Warners to set up an independent production company. When he left the studio he said he would never return, although he made all his good films at Warners. Now he has eaten his words and will go back. Actors don't realise how much the other fellow contributes to their success until they try to produce for themselves.

VINCENT PRICE, recently returned from viewing ancient ruins of Mexico, is to finish "Curtain Call At Cactus Creek," and then he leaves to lecture on modern art at 11 universities. He's an authority on the subject, and he has an ambition to make Hollywood art-conscious.



CORNEL WILDE, wearing sailor's uniform, talks to Anne Matheson of the London staff of The Australian Women's Weekly in a hotel lounge in Zermatt, Switzerland. Wilde is starring in the film "Swiss Tour," which is being made on the Continent.

ONE-TIME dancer Joan Crawford is brushing up on her dancing and singing for her role in "Broadway Revisited."

TOP-FLIGHT radio comedian Jack Benny has made another of his rare movie deals—this time with Fox. Benny is reserving the right to choose a story and approve of the script. He may decide to star in "The Husband Who Ran Away" for producer George Jessel.

JAMES MASON has another catch—the ninth, which was given to him by his pal, George Sanders, before George left to replace Robert Morley in "Edward, My Son" on Broadway while Morley takes the play to Australia.

BOB WALKER, who collapsed some months ago, is still in the famous Menniger clinic in Topeka, Kansas, and is not able to accept calls from Hollywood.



**Peggy Sage** NAIL POLISH

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A.P. 3-14

## TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★★ Red River

INEVITABLY Australian audiences will compare the American Western, "Red River," with "The Overlanders."

Both are built on the same theme, the driving of a large herd of cattle across hundreds of miles of country, though the period of "Red River" is nearly a century earlier than "The Overlanders."

The American film is one of the best of its type which I have ever seen.

Producer-director Howard Hawks makes the story of the opening of the Chisholm cattle trail a really exciting experience, and, apart from a fantastic final sequence, the action surges along magnificently.

The two stars, John Wayne and Montgomery Clift, will please the most critical observer.

Wayne displays a rock-like quality and coldness which are new, and he looks astonishingly older than usual.

He plays the relentless cattle owner, who spares neither man nor beast in his fanatical drive to find a railroad and market for his herd.

Clift, on the other hand, looks young and lithe, but he is just as determined as his foster-parent, and as coldly nonchalant as the script meant him to be. Clift undoubtedly is an asset to the screen.

Hawks made the mistake of including two girls in small roles, Coleen Gray has a brief appearance in the beginning, and Joanne Dru is brought in to take charge of the finale.

Cattle stampedes, attacks by Indians, and personal feuds among the men in charge of the trek highlight the action, and there is a lovely

character performance by Walter Brennan as a toothless old drover.

The sharpness of the black-and-white photography is a credit to cameraman Russell Harlan.

The United Artists release is at the Plaza.

★★ Letter to Three Wives

THERE are so many pleasant surprises in "Letter To Three Wives" that it is difficult to select the best of them.

There are the really novel plot, the sparkling dialogue, the topnotch performances by all the cast—well-known and otherwise—and the unexpected finale, which tops off one of the year's slickest comedies.

The three starring roles are given to girls, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, and Linda Darnell, but a middle-aged, stocky stage actor called Paul Douglas well deserves the attention every audience will give him.

In the married lives of the three wives in the story lurks the menace of one woman all the husbands know.

She sends wives a joint letter explaining that she is about to run away with a husband, but omits to say which one.

The wives spend an unhappy day recalling reasons why their husbands should walk out. All three have cause to be afraid.

Deborah (Jeanne Crain) was a gauche country girl who could not fit into the social surroundings of her married life.

Rita (Ann Sothern) was a career girl who irritated her schoolteacher husband beyond endurance by her subservient attitude to commercial radio.

Lora (Linda Darnell) was an office girl who married her boss as

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average

a business proposition and never let him forget it.

The husbands are Kirk Douglas, Jeffrey Lynn, and Paul Douglas.

The scenes between Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas are the best, and Vera Caspary's dialogue "sparkles as the two engage in a battle of wits.

We could do with plenty more comedies of this type.

The Fox film is at the Century.

★ The Fighting O'Flynn

IF Douglas Fairbanks continues to make the sort of film in which we have seen him in the past few years his screen career will soon be a thing of shreds and patches.

In "The Fighting O'Flynn," Fairbanks has a phony Irish accent, leaps about from balcony to balcony, and outwits and outthinks more people than I can remember.

The story is an oddity about an Irishman who defends Ireland from an invasion by Napoleon.

Helena Carter and Patricia Medina wait in and out. Both look very beautiful, but neither has much acting to do.

I was not certain whether Miss Medina was meant to be a comedy character or not, with her name of Fancy Free, and her talk of peppercorns, but her deathbed scene put the role into the tragic class.

Richard Greene is a handsome young man, but I can't imagine that he took his villain's part seriously.

The Universal International film is at the Victory.





1 **AMERICAN** tourist seeing over historic Pendragon Castle, Hank Martin (Bing Crosby) tells Cornish nobleman Lord Pendragon (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) that he thinks he has seen him before.



2 **DREAM** sequence takes Bing to Court of King Arthur, where Pendragon is King. Bing is challenged to joust by Sir Lancelot (Henry Wilcoxon), who resents Bing's attentions to his betrothed. Bing, refusing medieval costume, rides cowboy style.



3 **OBJECT** of his affections, the beautiful Alisande (Rhonda Fleming), shames Bing before Court by refusing his suit after he has successfully fought joust on her behalf. She makes it clear she still prefers Sir Lancelot.



4 **DISCOURAGED**, Bing seeks company of unhappy King. He tells him he leads too secluded a life at Court, and should go among the people and find out how they live. Bing nominates himself as guide on suggested trip.

PARAMOUNT'S technicolor remake of the Mark Twain classic—newly titled "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur"—gives Bing Crosby five songs and a new leading lady, beautiful, red-haired Rhonda Fleming.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as a modern English aristocrat, and later King Arthur, plays with relish the first comedy role given him by Hollywood.

☆  
5 **POSING** as a magician, Bing uses eclipse of sun to impress enraged populace, who plan to kill himself and King. When eclipse takes place as promised, the people are impressed and hail Bing as true magician.  
☆





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\*Australian patent applied for.  
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## THE SNAKE PIT



**1 UNAWARE** of surroundings, past, and fact that she is married, Virginia (Olivia de Havilland) is visited at Juniper Hill Hospital by doctor (Leo Genn) and her husband Robert (Mark Stevens).



**2 CONFIDING** in doctor, Robert tells what he knows of Virginia's past. How she refused, suddenly accepted him, became distraught soon after their marriage.



MARY JANE WARD'S best-selling novel, "The Snake Pit," has been brought to the screen by Twentieth Century-Fox. Starring with Olivia de Havilland are Mark Stevens and Leo Genn.

American critics have hailed the film for its understanding treatment of those suffering from mental illness and the fine performance of Olivia de Havilland as its distraught heroine. Acknowledged in subject matter to be one of the most controversial films of the year, "The Snake Pit" was produced by Darryl F. Zanuck and directed by Anatole Litvak.



**3 SHOCK** treatment helps Virginia remember childhood life. She is still unable to believe Robert is her husband.

**4 PRE-DISCHARGE** interview with the hospital authorities proves too much for Virginia, who suffers a relapse.



**5 REALISING** she is sane, after further treatment her past and marriage become clear to Virginia. Helped by Margaret (Katherine Lock), she prepares to leave hospital.



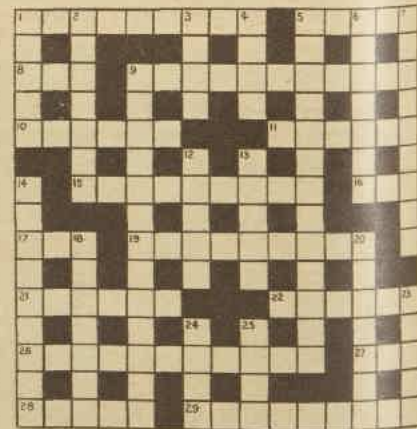
**6 READY** to face the world and its problems, Virginia finds Robert waiting for her when she is discharged. She now knows that she has always loved him, and that he loves her.

## CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 37

- ACROSS**
1. If, in a cricket team, two members get ducks, the rest knock-up. 180 (4, 8).
  5. Cast metal as obtained in the beginning (5).
  8. American naval rating captioned in the marsh (2).
  9. Notable concurrent events that make money at sea get a hair in very cold water (12).
  10. Makes a couple of sundries in the cricket match, and good-night nurse! (2, 3).
  11. Sort of broken proposals (6).
  13. Emotion felt if despatched before I'm penitent, but write it out (9).
  16. Sirius drops the one we title (2).
  17. Is this a word to make us all up? (3).
  19. Barrier is late to see the suspender (8).
  21. A couple are a pick-me-up and tightener (6).
  22. Get a taxi to come back for us when in calculating frame (6).
  26. Rare bear lip (anag.) (11).
  27. A heavyweight should not take a tumble! (3).
  28. The cutter finishes a big lug (5).
  29. Beat completely though modestly (8).
- DOWN**
1. Mogul Empire official who made up a curtsy? (5).
  2. A woman who is most unfair! (to show the way out is not enough for her) (7).
  3. Leave out (4).
  4. Confounded ache every one considered separately (4).
  6. Clark, after getting in fed-up at one, is unwearied (13).
  6. Horse rears and smashes birds (7).
  7. A vulgar gamble on the change is not included in the spectre by a more certain Mr. Chisley (9).
  9. Nan, try pee-pee (anag.) (7, 8).
  12. Throw between the wickets (5).
  13. To make fast but unclerical (5).
  14. Twisted as his belt is found (8).
  16. Box on, the din is the bird we're getting (7).
  20. To give a musical performance recall capital and extract the whole amount to cover (7).
  23. Brachy Head? (5).
  24. Food for an uptown crawler (4).
  25. Stork-like bird (4).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 37 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 6914W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close April 22, prizes and solution in issue of May 14.

**PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD, No. 37:** £10 to Mrs. F. L. Jacobs, Flat 2, 4 St. Leonard's Avenue, St. Kilda, S.2, Vic. £5 to Mrs. E. R. O'Rourke, Box 41, Kairi, via Cairns, Qld. £2 to Miss C. Ackerman, 2 Joubert St., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.



## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 36

**ACROSS:** 1—Burr's desert pea (struts turned, anag. 4/6). 8—Ult-ra. 9—Cla/1/m. 10—Tan. 11—Tom-a-hawk. 12—Cap-ol. 14—Date. 16—T/roy we/light. 18—Dum-founded. 19—Rev. 23—Common. 24—H/bernal (anag.). 25—Ast. 27—B-head. 29—Tra-it (art turned). 29—Mus-tard an-d /e/ress (dial sun turned).

**DOWN:** 1—Stun-ter. 2—Ultimatum. 3—Tys-shy. 4—Sap (pals turned). 5—Ham-paged. 6—Pa/Lnt. 7—Annihil (atari). 9—Covering. 13—Lyre b-ird. 16—Green-gage. 17—Columb. (anag.). 18—Declam. 20—Pal/sle/r. 21—He-c/1/r. 23—Mans. 25—L/o/ad.



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# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

**DIAPHANOUS** white materials have come into the fashion limelight as the most-starred fabrics for the very young bride. In the romantic tradition are numbers of lovely embroidered cottons, organdies, and sheers.

Below I suggest a style for a cotton bridal gown.

## June bride

"IN June I am to be married, and would be pleased if you could design my bridal dress. Mine is a slim figure, height 5ft. 5in. and age 19 years. We get very little cold weather up here, so if you don't think it odd I would like a cotton gown, but something very glamorous."

I don't think cotton would look at all odd. The very young bride looks her best in a light diaphanous material, and as the climate you live in is mild cotton would be an excellent choice. The combination of two cottons, plain and embroidered, could be new and charming. The design I have chosen is illustrated on the page. Embroidered organdie is used for the overskirt, which is caught up to reveal tiered frills made in plain organdie. The plain organdie is repeated in the draped bodice.

## For next spring

"WOULD I look old-fashioned if I had an ensemble consisting of a printed dress and full-length wool coat? You will probably think I am looking far ahead, because it's the next spring. But my dressmaker is always booked so far in advance I have to start thinking about buying materials months before I really wear the clothes."

The long-coat costume is going to be good fashion for spring, and I think it is one of the most useful ensembles you can have. It's always excellent in spring for lingering cold weather, and in autumn for the first cool days. The coat will be newest, designed on soft princess, redunote lines and lined with the silk print of the dress. Have the sleeves above wrist-length finished with a bold cuff. Have the shoulder slightly sloped and side-entry pockets in the skirt of the coat. Have the dress made with a low-cut neck-



COMBINATION of plain and embroidered cotton is charming for a young bride.

line, a deep, wide U-shape would look chic. Have the skirt slim and straight with a floating panel reaching from waist to hem at the back.

## Mountain holiday

"MY sister and I are planning a holiday to the Blue Mountains about the middle of May. We have only just come to live in New South Wales and are uncertain about the climate in the mountains and the type of clothes that would be necessary for our holiday. We will be staying at a small guest-house, and we would be most grateful for any advice."

In the Blue Mountains during

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

May if the weather is seasonable it should be perfect, sunny days, quite balmy midday, with cold nights. For the daytime you will be correctly dressed in a skirt and sweater or skirt and blouse, plus a pair of sturdy, low-heeled shoes. Take along a warm coat, if you have a cold spell you will definitely need it.

There'll be no formal dressing at night, but you'll change for dinner into something warm and pretty. Either a velvet skirt (street or

ballerina length) and a sweater with evening trimming, or a wool dress (street or ballerina length) would be correct. If you golf (there are numbers of excellent golf courses dotted through the mountain districts), take along your sports clothes. I would also advise you to pack tennis togs. Your other holiday activities will include motor trips, hiking, and sight-seeing.

## Styles for middle age

"HERE'S hoping you will be able to answer this letter. I am 41 years old, rather large, and never look anything in my clothes. I have never had a holiday, and am now taking one to Gipp's Lakes, Victoria. I have one good suit and a pretty pink front. Am I too old for pink? If I bought material for three other dresses, would it be enough to take away? Would it be suitable at my age to wear crystal beads? I have two good strings."

Three outfits, plus a good, tailored suit, plus accessories, will be an adequate wardrobe for your holiday. I suggest you use one of the dress-lengths to make a tailored cardigan-suit and a second one for a tailored coat-dress. Both these garments will be excellent for general day wear and flattering to your figure.

Have the third dress slightly more formal—perhaps made with a cross-over bodice and skirt with front drapery or fullness.

The latter could be worn in the evening or for any festive occasion that might occur.

Don't get a complex about your age; it is quite absurd at forty-odd to imagine you can't look attractive and be well dressed. Doubtless, your wardrobe needs care, but being well dressed only comes with thought and planning.

Pink, especially a soft pink, is flattering to most complexions—and certainly wear your crystal beads.

With your large figure avoid tight clothes. A line that is only mildly fitted will be more flattering and more slimming.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
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(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

"LOUISA." A smart jerkin suit made in soft wool. The colors obtainable are natural, sage-blue, and deep rose.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 56/6. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 42/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

□□□

"MARY ANNE." Attractive, long-sleeved blouse made in rayon crepe-de-chine. The colors include white, pale pink, and pale blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage, 8d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 23/6. Postage, 8d. extra.

□□□

"HENRIETTA." One-piece dress features an attractive new collar line. The material is marocain in lime, London-gold, mid-green, red, pale blue, sage-blue, royal-blue, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 55/9. Postage, 1/9 extra.

N.B.—Please make second color choice.

## Fashion FROCKS



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SAYS BEAUTIFUL MISS BERYL JAMES  
OF BRONTE ROAD, WAVERLEY, N.S.W.



New  
Pepsodent  
gives my teeth  
a radiant new  
whiteness

Surfing, riding, swimming, tennis — sketching and dressmaking — these are among the many pursuits of lovely Beryl James, typical Australian girl.

Beryl holds the title of "Beach Girl of 1948", and recently added new honours when she was selected "Miss Australia"! She's a busy and popular model, and about that dazzling smile of hers she says:

*"As a model, I just have to have a brilliant, lustrous smile. My Pepsodent-white teeth give me confidence — I know my teeth are white, my smile attractive."*

**"NOW MY TEETH ARE ALWAYS DAZZLING WHITE."**

Yes Beryl! Only New Pepsodent with its rich-foaming, non-soapy Irium reveals that natural whiteness. Irium is the wonder cleansing ingredient which removes dingy film from teeth.

**"NEW PEPSODENT CERTAINLY LOOKS AFTER THE LUSTRE OF MY TEETH."**

Thank New Pepsodent's new exclusive polishing agent for that Beryl. It's smoother too — gives a higher polish and lustre to teeth with complete safety.

**"I JUST LOVE THE COOL, MINTY FLAVOUR!"**

Yes, and you'll agree with Beryl. There's nothing to beat New Pepsodent's candy taste. And that refreshing soap-free after-taste just lasts and lasts.



## New PEPSODENT

Try it!  
Prove it  
for yourself!





BEAUTIFUL ROWS OF CINERARIAS in the famous glasshouse at Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne. This display is made annually, and attracts thousands of visitors.

## How to grow the lovely cineraria

CINERARIAS are largely grown to-day in glass-houses and ferneries partly glazed in, as well as on the shady side of the garden out of doors.

Advanced seedlings are often available even as late as May, but the wise gardener who has grown them before knows that timely plantings do better than those that are set out late.

But over-early plantings usually

run into trouble, for few plants are so pest-ridden as the cineraria. Both aphids and leaf-miner flies have a taste for their fleshy leaves and sap, and many caterpillars will attack them.

But it is possible in the cooler parts of Australia to keep up a succession of bloom by sowing seeds at intervals from September to January. The plants will then flower from about June to October.

Plants that are now doing well will require regular watering and feeding with liquid manure. If the

gardener desires to pot up a few plants to take indoors, the potting material should consist of two parts good loamy soil, one part well-decayed cow manure, and enough sand to keep the soil open and porous.

Properly made potting soil will obviate the necessity for using liquid manure, but if the plants hang fire a weak stimulant in the shape of 1oz sulphate of ammonia to 1 gallon of water will prove helpful.

If growing cinerarias out of doors, plant them on the south side of a fence where they will receive the winter sun as long as possible every day, or in the shade of a tree. They like acid soil that is well endowed with ample fibrous matter.

Native to the Canary Islands, cinerarias are obtainable in a wide range of colors and color mixtures. By reducing the number of buds on each stem, the individual blooms can be considerably enlarged, particularly if the feeding programme is carried out sensibly. Liquid manure should be applied after the buds appear, and must cease as soon as they begin to show color.

Leaf miners are small black flies that lay eggs on the underside of cineraria leaves. When these hatch out the minute grubs burrow into the tissue and, by travelling round and eating their way through, ruin the appearance and vigor of the foliage. Regular weekly sprayings of water-soluble DDT, which kills the eggs, is recommended as a control. This mixture will also kill aphids, which appear in clusters on leaves and flowering stems, and have a very debilitating effect on the plants if neglected.—Our Home Gardener.



SOAK a fragile kerchief first in cold water with a teaspoon of salt before gently washing.

### Miss Precious Minutes Says:

TO separate two glasses which have become stuck together, place the outside glass in warm water and fill the inside glass with cold water.

TO keep cheese fresh and prevent it from going mouldy, wrap it in a clean cloth dipped in vinegar and squeezed almost dry.

ADD cloudy ammonia to any metal polish when the liquid is getting low. It makes it spin out and restores its freshness.

OBSTINATE nails or screws that have rusted themselves solid in wood can often be sufficiently loosened for removal by dropping warm paraffin on or under the head. A screw can sometimes be shifted by holding a hot iron to the metal and operating the screw-driver at the same time.

MENDING a hole in the fingers of a glove is much easier if a thimble is used to expand the material.

## Treatment for enlarged pores . . .

ONE of the important jobs the beauty expert has is the treatment of coarse complexion, a condition that invariably bothers the owners of such a skin not a little.

But the probability that oily skin will retain a youthful look longer than its dry, sensitive opposite number should bring a measure of cheer.

To change any skin texture is not an easy matter, but the oily type skin does respond to persistent care in many instances.

There will have to be daily cleansing sessions, and astringents and bleaches will also come into the picture. Nobody is born with a coarse skin; nobody inherits it.

Neglect of the complexion in childhood and during adolescence may result in blackheads or, worse, acne. Then the pores expand because of the wax-like deposits that stretch their walls.

When such a condition appears

By CAROLYN EARLE  
Our Beauty Expert

later in life, it may be partly due to wrong eating habits as well as lack of care.

Those troubled by it should cut down on fried foods, pastries, and butter, all elements that excite the sebaceous glands. Add more vegetables, especially green salad, and fruit juices to the daily diet.

Then there is the important matter of circulation: brisk massage and ice-rubs will stimulate the bloodstream that brings nourishment to the tissues, help the skin to function in a normal manner.

To reduce enlarged pores, many beauty experts have confidence in the white-of-egg mask. Beat white to a stiff froth, apply to a clean skin surface. Go about the house for half an hour until the skin feels tight and drawn, when the pack should be removed by applications of ice-cold water.

An astringent should follow. If you haven't a favorite lotion of this character, use witch-hazel, which serves the purpose very well and has a softening effect. Pat the liquid gently all over the face and throat, and blot with a soft linen towel or with cosmetic tissue.

While giving these treatments daily for a week or two, it is an excellent plan to give the countenance a respite from oily cosmetics, and to make quite sure that any cream preparations that are used are astringent-based.

Never at any stage load this type of skin with creams, and consolidate the habit of retiring for the night only after carefully removing everything applied to the surface during the day, in this way eliminating another major cause of coarse skin.

In the matter of make-up, when you use liquids, always ice them; for the oily skin this is more effective. Go over the surface of the skin quickly with the cold astringent then apply make-up lotion or liquid powder, according to selection.



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Cleanly cool, freshly fastidious, this perfume  
has an individuality with which no other fragrance  
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Ankle strap platform shoe in black suede superbly designed.



Black suede with dainty ankle strap.

*Gaynor*

G12/13

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES



**A SNEEZE**

ran round the little school,  
A cough, and then three more;  
The Master climbed down  
off this stool,

And in a glass did pour  
Some wondrous drops of magic balm

To make each child secure  
From cough and cold that wintry day,

With Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.

Don't keep sneezing — get

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure





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# The way to a man's heart!

Dear to the male heart, young or old — fruit pie with crisp, featherlight pastry Bakeo pastry! You can't fail with Bakeo — just add water, roll out and bake! No measuring, no mixing, no mess, no mistakes! Even a child can make perfect pastry this easy way!

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Maxam Cheese! A perfect blend of the choicest matured and mild cheddars — zesty, mellow, creamy — that's Maxam Balanced Flavour!

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### MAXAM

CANNED SPECIALITIES





# Easter Week-end

● Fish for Good Friday, picnic foods for Saturday and Monday, and family dinner for Easter Sunday... these are Easter food traditions.

**A** WORD about the fish: Serve it simply—baked, oven-poached, steamed, grilled, or, if the weather is warm, serve cold soused fish with salad.

Remember that small quantities may be extended by the addition of mashed potato, breadcrumbs, macaroni, or spaghetti.

And now for the duck: Choose a young bird, not too fat, about 3½ lb. to 4½ lb. in weight.

Rubbing the outside surface with garlic is optional, but basting during cooking is a "must" if bird is baked unwrapped.

Basting may be done with orange juice. If desired, freshly grated orange rind may be sprinkled over bird before serving.

## ROAST DUCK WITH APPLE STUFFING

One 4 to 4½ lb. duck, cut clove of garlic, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups chopped green apples, 1 cup chopped

celery, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Wash and dry duck inside and out. Rub outside surface lightly with cut clove of garlic. Melt margarine or butter, add onion, brown lightly. Stir in all other ingredients. Fill into duck. Truss, place on rack in uncovered dish with 1 in. melted fat in bottom of dish. Roast slowly in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 2 to 2½ hours, allowing 25 to 30 minutes per pound. Baste frequently. Or bird may be wrapped in brown paper as for chicken—removing paper for last half-hour, draining fat off, and adding 1 cup orange juice—basting bird with the juice every 10 minutes.

**NOTE:** It is advisable to wrap legs of bird in fat bacon to prevent drying out during cooking.

## TOMATO SAVORY

Two cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter, parsley.

Place cabbage in pan with bacon fat, salt, pepper, sugar. Saute 5 minutes. Remove. Use same pan to

simmer tomatoes (with half the butter) until soft. Arrange alternate layers of cabbage and tomato in greased ramekin dishes—commencing with tomato and sprinkling each layer with cheese and crumbs. Top with cheese and crumbs, dot with balance of butter. Reheat and brown tops in hot oven. Garnish with parsley. Sufficient for four.

## PINEAPPLE COCONUT CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1½ cups scalded milk, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup shredded cooked pineapple, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 table-

## EASTER SUNDAY DINNER

Light Vegetable Broth  
Tomato Savory  
Roast Duck with Apple and Celery Seasoning  
Baked Potatoes and Pumpkin  
Green Peas  
Orange Salad  
Pineapple Coconut Cream

spoons coconut, cherries, whipped cream or mock cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water; add milk, egg-yolks, and sugar. Stir 5 minutes over boiling water until sugar is dissolved. Cool, chill until slightly thickened. Fold in vanilla, pineapple, lemon juice, and coconut, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Arrange cherries in bottom of wetted mould, carefully add cream, chill until firm. Unmould, decorate with whipped or mock cream. Serves four or five.



**ORANGE SLICES**—grilled or plain—and orange salad are the traditional accompaniments for roast duck. To counteract the richness of duck, stuff with seasoning made slightly tart in flavor by the addition of chopped green apples. If sage and onion seasoning is preferred, serve the duck with apple sauce. Tomato savory served in individual dishes and a smooth pineapple coconut cream complete the Easter Day dinner menu.



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**CARNIVAL CAKE**, one of this week's prizewinning recipes, is an unusual and delicious combination of spiced and plain cake, joined with a soft fruit-filling and coated with lemon-flavored icing.

### Prizewinning Recipes

## GRAND EASTER FARE

● Salmon cheese shortcake with celery balls, this week's £10 prize recipe, is an appetising meatless dish for Easter season.

**T**HE shortcake and filling can be prepared a few hours in advance and combined when required. Reheat in very moderate oven while preparing celery balls and other vegetables.

Easter Eggs are traditional, and always popular. Prepare some, using the recipe on this page. Decorate and serve attractively in baskets or meringue cases. They add to the gay appearance of the Easter table, and prove a delightful surprise for the children.

#### SALMON CHEESE SHORTCAKE WITH CELERY BALLS

**Shortcake:** One and a half cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup finely grated cheese, 1 cup milk.

**Filling:** One cup flaked salmon or other fish (tinned or freshly cooked), 1 cup medium thickness white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 3 tablespoons finely chopped gherkin, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, press out to fit 8-inch sandwich-tin. Place in greased tin, glaze with milk, bake in hot oven (400deg. F gas, 450deg. F electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, split in two when cold.

Combine filling ingredients, mixing well. Spread over bottom half of shortcake, place top half in position. Top with tomato slices and grated cheese. Return to moderate oven to reheat, and melt and lightly brown cheese. Serve with celery balls; garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

**Celery Balls:** One cup mashed potato, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 2 dessertspoons flour, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped shallot or onion, egg-glazing and breadcrumbs to cover, fat for frying.

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Shape into balls with floured hands. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs, deep-fry in fuming fat until heated through and lightly browned, 4 to 5 minutes.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. L. Burns, 10a Fourth Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

#### CARNIVAL CAKE

Two-thirds cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, vanilla, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Sift flour and salt, fold in alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place one-third in greased and lined 8-inch sandwich-tin. Add golden syrup and mixed cocoa and spices to balance of cake mixture. Place in two greased and lined 8-inch sandwich-tins. Bake all three in moderate oven (375deg. F gas, 425deg. F electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill with fruit-filling, placing white layer in centre of two spiced layers. Coat top and sides, or top only, with lemon-flavored warm icing, decorate with chopped almonds and cherries.

**Fruit-Filling:** One cup chopped dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 1-3rd cup water, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind.

Combine all ingredients except lemon juice and rind, mix well. Cook over gentle heat until soft, pulpy, and thick. Cool, add lemon juice and rind, fill between layers of cake.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Black, 218 Bowen Terrace, New Farm N.1, Brisbane.

#### CHOCOLATE EASTER EGGS

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 4oz. finely crushed biscuit crumbs, 1 cup finely chopped dates, 1 cup chopped sultanas or raisins 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, lemon-flavored butter icing for piping.

Place margarine or butter and sugar in saucepan, stir over low heat until melted and well mixed. Stir in egg-yolk, biscuit crumbs, chopped fruits, cocoa, nuts, and lemon juice. Allow to cool. Mould 1 tablespoon or more at a time into egg shapes. Leave to firm on waxed paper in ice-chest or refrigerator. Decorate with lemon-flavored icing, using icing pipes and bag. Serve in tiny paper baskets filled with shredded coconut or in meringue cases.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss B. Buik, Box 58, Quorn, S.A.

#### MUTTON EN BROCHETTE

One to 1½ lb. tender leg of lamb or mutton, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped marjoram, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon olive or salad oil, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Cut meat into 1½ in. cubes. Mix well with salt, pepper, marjoram, and grated onion. Place in bowl, add oil and sherry. Cover, allow to stand overnight in cool weather or for about 4 hours. Remove meat from liquid, thread on to skewers. Grill under red-hot grill until evenly browned, turning skewers frequently. Serve hot with grilled tomato halves, bacon rolls if desired, and potato straws.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Sweetapple, Post Office, Moe, Vic.

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FOCAL POINT of the terraces at the entrance to the house is the fountain featuring Lin Daen's "Daphne and Chloe," in bronze. Beyond, the sweeping lawns and shrubbery.



TERRACE overlooking the garden is tiled in red and black. On warm evenings Mrs. Cornell often serves dinner in this lovely spot.

## One of Adelaide's lovely homes

By EVE GYE, Editor of our  
Homemaker Department



ONE END of the spacious T-shaped drawing-room. Walls are off-white. Beautiful rugs in soft gold tonings cover the floor. Furniture is Early Victorian. Satin-covered cushions decorate brocade chairs.



ANOTHER section of drawing-room is shown above. Large windows with their heavy satin drapes, exquisitely arranged flowers, lovely bric-a-brac and pictures add to the beauty of the room.

THE architecture of Mrs. F. W. Cornell's home, "St. Andrew's," Springfield, Adelaide, glimpses of which are given on these pages, is reminiscent of an English mansion.

It stands well back from the entrance gates in Springfield Avenue, with its terraces surrounded by extensive lawns and gardens backed by beautiful English trees and Australian gums.

The rooms are charmingly appointed, particularly the drawing-room, which is T-shaped.

Mrs. Cornell is an artist with flowers. She deftly uses them to accent a corner, highlight a masterpiece or to break an expanse of window when the curtains are drawn.

The breakfast court, a section of which is shown on the opposite page, is most unusual, and will interest all home-lovers.

Painted white, the walls are decorated diamond-fashion with a soft blue paint. Furniture is white, and colorful china is always used on the breakfast table.

Mrs. Cornell is deeply interested in the arts—her great love is music.

Outstanding stage artists, including Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, are among celebrities who have been entertained at "St. Andrew's."

Signed photographs of visitors decorate the walls of the little picture gallery, which leads off the morning-room.



SPACIOUS lawns and gardens backed by beautiful trees and shrubbery surround "St. Andrew's," Mrs. Cornell's home at Springfield, Adelaide.





☆  
FRONT VIEW of Mrs. F. W. Cornell's home in Springfield Avenue, Springfield, Adelaide, is shown on left. The house, set in several acres of land, was one of the first to be built in this area, famed for its lovely homes and gardens.  
☆



LONG, wide hallway is strewn with Turkish rugs in rich colors. Period furnishings and lovely flowers add to its charm.



SUN-SPLASHED breakfast court has white glass painted walls lined diamond-fashion, as shown, in blue. Furniture is white. Wide doors open on to a large and attractive patio. Sky-blue curtains have wheat motif.



MORNING-ROOM with a glimpse of the picture gallery, which leads off at right. Here are the signed photographs of celebrities of the world of art and music who have visited "St. Andrew's."



LIBRARY, opening off morning-room, is restful and charming. Wall panelling is a reproduction of old French panelling. Glamis Castle chintz curtains are off-white, patterned in pastel pinks and greens.

DRAMATIC TOUCH is given this lovely old mahogany desk by the figurine and unusual picture.



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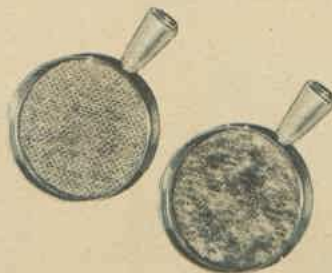


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F5476.—Attractive afternoon dress has a glamorous lace trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. lace. Price, 1/11.

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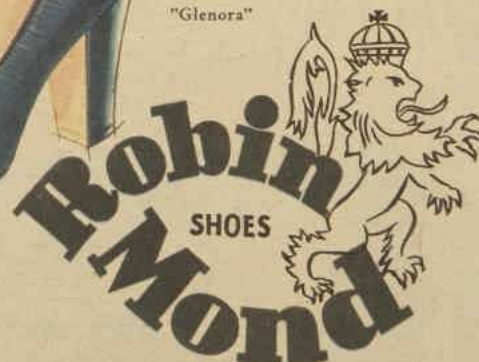
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